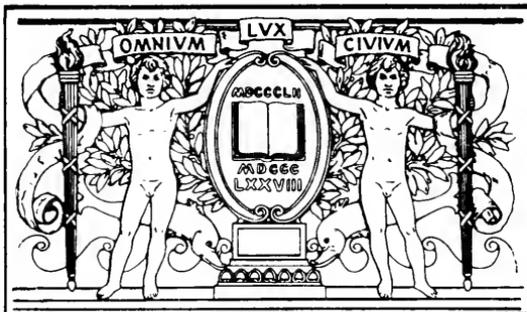


DON QUIXOTE





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BY

W. M. THACKERAY

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THE ADVENTURES OF DON QUIXOTE.



Chapter I.

DUBBED A KNIGHT.

IN the village of La Mancha, on the borders of Arragon and Castile, there lived an elderly gentleman of small means who was known by the name of Don Quixada, which means lantern-jawed.

This same Don Quixada, being unmarried and without occupation, passed most of his time in reading books of knight-errantry until his brain became so filled with stories of adventure that he determined at last to imitate the knights of old, and to start forth

armed and on horseback, in search of wrongs to right and enemies to overcome.

So filled was his mind with these romantic ideas that he completely overlooked the fact that, the times having changed, no need for knight-errantry any longer existed, and that to return to the manners and customs of a bygone age was but absurdity and foolishness.

With all possible eagerness he made ready for the start, and first he turned out his grandfather's suit of armour which was falling to pieces from disuse, and prepared it for his own wear. The armour itself he scoured from the rust with which it was thickly encrusted, and finding the helmet incomplete, he made a vizor of pasteboard lined with thin plates of iron, which, with much ingenuity, he fastened to it.

These preparations completed, a most ridiculous figure might have been seen one early morning issuing from the village. This was none other than Don Quixada clad in



his grandfather's ramshackle suit of armour, and mounted on the only horse he possessed, a gaunt and bony animal of advanced age, on which, before starting, he had bestowed the high-sounding name of Rozinante.

His own name he altered to Don Quixote, which seemed to him to have a romantic sound suitable to knight-errantry; and there now remained but one thing to complete his satisfaction. In all stories of chivalry Don Quixote (as we must now call him) remembered that some fair lady figured prominently to inspire each knight with an ardour and devotion which fired his heart and gave strength to his arm, at whose feet he was wont to lay trophies of the battle, and whose smile was his greatest reward.

Don Quixote, as he now sorrowfully recollected, had no fair lady to give heart to his enterprise; but not to be daunted by such a trifle as this he at once determined to find one: and for this purpose he selected a country girl of the neighbourhood, on whom his fancy bestowed the name of Dulcinea, and to whom he gave the imaginary position

of some lady of quality. This maiden, all unknown to herself, was henceforth to own the sovereignty of his heart.

Having now chosen his lady-love, he proceeded, as he rode along, to apostrophize her in the following manner:—

“ O Princess Dulcinea, lady of this captive heart, thou hast consigned me to much sorrow and woe by thus banishing me from thy beauteous presence. Remember, lady, the loyal heart of thy slave, who for love of thee submits to so many miseries.” This speech seemed to him most poetic and appropriate, for in similar language did the knights of old address the ladies of their affections.

All that day Don Quixote rode to and fro in the open country without any adventure befalling him. Strange though it seemed, he encountered no giant whom he might overthrow and then transfix with his lance ; he met with no beautiful captive maiden to rescue ; nor did he even happen to meet a stray dragon with flaming nostrils and burning eyes which he could slay with his sword.

But towards evening, when both he and Rozinante were tired to death and almost famished, he saw before him an inn at the bend of the road, at the door of which stood two country women, while at the same time a swineherd in a field close by called his hogs together with a blast from his horn.

“Ah,” said Don Quixote to himself with a smile of satisfaction, “here at last is a castle with two fair ladies at the gates and a dwarf in attendance, who announces my approach by sounding the horn in the right manner of chivalry.” At the same time the two women at the door of the inn caught sight of the strange grotesque figure in its suit of old armour, and they were so much alarmed at the unusual spectacle that they turned hurriedly, and would have sought the shelter of the house, had not Don Quixote stopped them with the following speech,—

“Fly not, ladies, nor fear any discourtesy,” he cried, at the same time raising his paste-



board vizor and disclosing part of his face ; “ the order of knighthood to which I belong forbids me to offer injury to any one of so exalted a rank as yourselves.”

The absurdity of this speech so struck the women—who were, in fact, but vagrants with no rank at all—that, coupled with the ridiculous appearance of the would-be knight, it provoked them to loud merriment. Upon this the innkeeper came running out, as fast as his fat figure would allow, to learn the cause of their amusement.

When he in his turn saw Don Quixote in his strange attire mounted on the drooping form of poor Rozinante, and heard his flowery language, it was as much as he could do to prevent himself from laughing as heartily as the women ; but being a shrewd man, and having an eye to business, he succeeded in controlling himself, and addressing Don Quixote in language which he endeavoured to make as high-flown as his own, he invited him to seek shelter and refreshment at the inn.

To this Don Quixote consented, and hav-

ing thanked "the Governour of the Castle," as he insisted on calling the innkeeper, for his courtesy he dismounted. The innkeeper then led Rozinante to the stables, and at Don Quixote's request the two country women proceeded with much inward mirth to divest him of his armour.

When they came to the helmet, however, they found that it was impossible to remove it without cutting the ribbons with which it was tied; and as Don Quixote would on no account allow this to be done, he was obliged to keep it on his head.

The innkeeper now appeared with refreshments, which consisted of some badly cooked salt fish and some mouldy bread; but since food supplied at a castle could not be anything but superior, Don Quixote proceeded to eat this miserable fare with relish, although, to add to the discomfort of the meal, he was obliged to be fed by the two women, since his own hands were both engaged in holding on his helmet.

"How beautiful it is," he murmured between the unpalatable mouthfuls, "to be

thus waited on by two ladies of such exquisite loveliness and such exalted rank ;” and as at the same moment a passing swineherd blew his whistle to call his animals, he added, “There is not even lacking strains of enchanting music specially rendered to do me honour.”

But soon a painful thought occurred to him, and disturbed these happy reflections ; for of a sudden he remembered that in spite of his armour and his steed, of the attendant ladies and the castle waiting to receive him, he had never been actually dubbed a knight, and was therefore not really fitted to embark upon any adventure. Eager to remedy this with all possible speed, he hastily dispatched the remainder of his supper, and having sought out the innkeeper he fell at his feet and entreated him to perform this service for him.

This strange request confirmed a suspicion already formed in the innkeeper’s mind that his new guest was a madman, and partly to humour



him, partly for the fun of the thing, he pretended to treat the matter seriously. He therefore told Don Quixote that he was quite willing to do what he wished, but that before he was knighted he must go through the usual ceremony of watching beside his armour all night; but that, as there was no chapel in the castle where he could keep this vigil, he would allow him to perform the office in another place; and bidding him follow him he led him to the yard, and told him to place his armour in the horse-trough, and to watch it there until daybreak.

The innkeeper then withdrew with much secret laughter, and he and the other inmates of the inn proceeded to watch Don Quixote as he walked up and down in the moonlight with his eyes fixed on the horse-trough. All went peacefully and uneventfully at first, but after a time a carrier who was lodging in the inn came out to water his mule at the trough, and finding it filled with armour he began without ceremony to remove it in order that his mule might drink.

Upon this Don Quixote, all eager to show his courage, first addressed the carrier in threatening language, and when this had no effect he struck him so heavy a blow with his lance that the man fell senseless to the ground. Having thus laid his enemy low, Don Quixote picked up his armour and replaced it in the trough.

Soon afterwards another carrier came out from the inn with the same object as the first, and he also at once removed the armour from the trough ; whereupon Don Quixote dealt him also a blow with his lance which damaged his head so severely that his outcry brought all the other people running out from the inn to discover the cause of the disturbance. Amongst them were a number of other carriers, who, enraged at the treatment dealt out to their comrades, attacked Don Quixote with such a shower of stones that he was glad to crouch up against the side of the trough and protect himself with his target.

Upon this the innkeeper, thinking that the matter had gone far enough, and begin-

ning to be tired himself of the whole business, bade the carriers desist, and told Don Quixote that his vigil had now lasted as long as was necessary, and that he would complete the ceremony of knighting him without further delay.

Accordingly he called for a boy with a lighted candle and for the two country women, and out of a book, which he used to keep his farming accounts, he pretended to read a pious exhortation, after which he gave the kneeling Don Quixote a sharp blow with his sword, and told him to rise up as a knight. This ceremony being concluded, one of the women girded the sword round his waist, and the other put on his spurs, and the ceremony was brought to a close.

Don Quixote, filled with pride and joy at his newly-conferred honour, was lavish in his expressions of gratitude to all concerned, and on asking the names of the two women, and being told that the one was Tolosa, the daughter of a cobbler, and the other Moli-vera, the daughter of a miller, he declared that they should henceforth add the title of

Lady to their names, which, with much suppressed laughter, they promised to do.

And now dawn had begun to break, and after again thanking the innkeeper for the service he had done him in dubbing him knight, Don Quixote bade him and the ladies farewell, and, mounted on Rozinante, he started forth once more in search of adventure.

Chapter II.

THE TEN GIANTS.

ON the following day Don Quixote met with an adventure which very nearly ended his knight-errantry altogether.

After leaving the town, he allowed Rozinante to lead him wherever that intelligent animal felt inclined, and as this was not unnaturally in the direction of his own stables, the knight found himself in the afternoon not far from his own village. As he jogged along the highroad, he saw approaching him a company which consisted of six merchants on horseback, each one screened by a large umbrella, and accompanied by four servants also on horseback and three muleteers on foot.

This company of harmless travellers at

once presented itself to Don Quixote's disordered imagination as material for a fresh adventure, so, couching his lance and protecting himself with his shield, he addressed them thus—

“Hold! Let no man pass further, unless he acknowledge that there is not in the universe a more beautiful maiden than the Empress of La Mancha, the peerless Dulcinea del Toboso.”

On hearing this strange speech, and seeing the curious figure which uttered it, the merchants came to the same conclusion as the innkeeper had done, and made up their minds that they had to deal with a madman; and one of them undertook to answer Don Quixote, hoping thus to obtain some amusement for himself and his companions.

“Sir Cavalier,” he said, with mock politeness, “we do not know this worthy lady of whose beauty you speak, but be pleased to let us see her; and then, if we find her



possessed of the matchless charms which you assert she has, we will gladly own the truth that you would extort from us."

"If I had shown you that beauty," cried Don Quixote in wrath, "what merit would there be in acknowledging so notorious a truth? The importance of the thing consists in obliging you to believe it, confess it, swear it, and maintain it without your having seen her; and unless you do so at once, you most unreasonable mortals, prepare to join with me in battle."

"Sir Knight," replied the merchant, "before we acknowledge this beauty of which you speak, show us at least some portrait of the lady, however small, that we may judge of her charms. Indeed, I verily believe that if we found her blind of one eye and distilling flames and brimstone from the other, to oblige you we should still be ready to say in her favour whatever your worship desires."

"Blind of one eye, distilling flame and brimstone!" cried Don Quixote in a fury, "you shall one and all pay severely for such blasphemy;" and with couched lance he

ran at the merchant so blind with rage, that had not Rozinante stumbled and fell, worse things would probably have befallen him. As it was, he was thrown, and rolled for some distance on the ground, where he lay so encumbered by the weight of his shield and his armour that he could not move. To add to his plight, one of the muleteers seized his lance, and having broken it to pieces, belaboured the prostrate knight with the fragments, after which he ran after the rest of the troop, which had already gone on their way laughing at the discomfiture of their curious enemy.

If Don Quixote were unable to rise before, he was still more helpless now, when, in addition to the encumbrance of the armour, he was stiff and sore from the blows of the muleteer ; and how long he might thus have lain, it is impossible to say, had not a ploughman from his own village happened to pass that way.

The honest fellow, seeing the fallen figure of Don Quixote, stopped to help him, and on carefully removing the vizor, which was

broken to pieces by the blows of the muleteer, he recognized the knight, much to his own surprise. Having ascertained that he was bruised and not actually wounded, he mounted him on his own ass, and tying the armour, shield, and the fragments of his lance on the back of Rozinante, he led them all back to their own village, which they entered after dark, so that the sorry spectacle should not excite the mirth of the inhabitants.

At his own home Don Quixote found the village curate and barber in conversation with his housekeeper and the niece who lived with him, and much excited the curiosity of them all by his return in this disabled condition. But to all their questions he only replied that he had met with a severe fall from his horse while fighting ten terrible giants, and begged to be taken to his bed and left in repose, which was accordingly done.

Chapter III.

TILTING AT WINDMILLS.

AFTER this Don Quixote remained quietly at home for fifteen days, recovering from his bruises, and showing no signs to his friends of repeating his adventures. But unknown to them he was in truth making further preparations, of which the most important was the finding of a squire.

It had occurred to him that as knights were formerly accompanied on their adventures by such a person, he should also be similarly attended, now that the honour of knighthood had been conferred upon him; and casting his eyes around, they fell on an honest but ignorant labourer named Sancho Panza, whom he thought a suitable person for the post. To him, therefore, he held

forth various inducements, among which was the probability of his master conquering some rich island, in which case he promised Sancho that he should be made the governor of it.

Attracted by this brilliant prospect, Sancho consented to give up his occupation, to leave his wife and children, and to accompany Don Quixote when he next started on adventure, only making a condition that he should be allowed to go mounted on his ass. To this Don Quixote consented with some misgiving, as he could not recall having read of any squire riding an ass; but he consoled himself with the thought that he could supply Sancho with a better kind of steed the first time that he succeeded in dismounting a knight.

This arrangement being concluded, Don Quixote, mounted as before on Rozinante, with Sancho Panza on his gray ass named Dapple, stole out secretly one dark night without taking leave of any one.

When daylight broke, they found themselves on an open plain at some distance

from home, and in the early light some thirty or forty windmills stood revealed. On perceiving these large objects with their moving arms, Don Quixote's lively fancy immediately began to work, and reining in Rozinante, he pointed in their direction, and then addressed his companion.



“Look over there, Sancho!” he cried. “There are at least thirty outrageous giants whom I intend to encounter. We will deprive them of life and then enrich ourselves with their spoils, for they are lawful prize, while to remove such monsters from the face of the earth will be an acceptable service to Heaven.”

In reply to this stirring speech, Sancho replied with stolid mien.

“I see no giants. What you point at are but windmills!”

“That you should think so shows that you are little accustomed to adventures,” replied Don Quixote. “I tell you these are giants; and if you are afraid of them, go

aside and say your prayers, while I engage them in combat.”

With these words Don Quixote set spurs to his horse, and heedless of Sancho, who continued to bawl after him that they were not giants but windmills, he charged full at the moving arms of the first one with his lance.

“Base miscreants,” he cried, addressing the unconscious windmills, “though you move more arms than the giant Briareus, who had a hundred, you shall pay for your arrogance.”

His furious words were, however, soon silenced; for no sooner was his lance thrust in the arm of the windmill than the rapidity of the motion broke the lance into shivers, and hurled Don Quixote off his seat, so that he fell and rolled some way down the field, where he lay unable to stir.

Sancho, seeing what had happened, came running up as fast as his ass could go, to assist his master.

“Did I not give you fair warning?” he asked reproachfully. “Did



I not tell you that they were but windmills?"

"Peace!" said Don Quixote; "there is nothing so subject to the inconstancy of fortune as war. I am persuaded that some evil magician has transformed the giants into windmills, to deprive me of the glory of victory."

With Sancho's aid he then rose to his feet, and mounting Rozinante, they turned in the direction of a pass called Lapice, which, being much frequented, Don Quixote felt sure could hardly fail to afford fresh adventure.

Chapter IV.

THE RESCUE OF A PRINCESS.

ALL that day Don Quixote and his squire Sancho rode on without further adventure. They passed the night under some trees, from one of which Don Quixote tore a stout branch and fixed to the end of it the head of his broken lance. The following afternoon found them at the entrance to the Pass of Lapice.

As they entered the pass they saw a small procession advancing towards them. It consisted of two Benedictine monks mounted on mules and followed by a coach, with four or five men on horseback and two or three muleteers on foot. At this sight Don Quixote turned eagerly to Sancho, convinced that a most exciting encounter lay before them.



“Unless I am much deceived,” he said, “this will be a most famous adventure, for without question those two black figures must be evil magicians, and the coach undoubtedly contains some princess whom they are carrying off. It is my plain duty to prevent this great wrong from being done.”

“Take warning, sir, take warning,” cried Sancho in reply, “or this will prove a worse affair than the windmills! Those figures clothed in black appear to me to be two monks, and the coach probably contains some traveller.”

Now this was, in fact, the truth; for inside the coach was a lady on her way to Seville to meet her husband, while the monks were not in her company at all, but had only fallen in with her accidentally.

But Don Quixote would not listen to Sancho, and full of the determination to meet with an adventure, he stuck to his first belief, and spurring on his horse, planted himself in the middle of the road, ready to confront the procession. As soon as they came within earshot, he addressed the monks

in a loud and haughty tone, which, combined with the startling nature of his words, caused them to stand still at once, too much astonished to move.

“Release the high-born princess whom you are carrying away with violence,” he cried, “or else prepare to meet with instant death !”

In vain the monks told him the simple truth, and endeavoured to soothe his wrath. Don Quixote only replied by calling them “perfidious caitiffs ;” and declaring that no words of theirs could deceive him, he charged one of the monks with his lance so furiously that had he not immediately flung himself to the ground, he would certainly have been grievously wounded, if not killed.

At this the other monk urged his mule to flight, and was soon scouring over the distant plain.

Sancho now thought to have a share in the fun, and hurrying up to the fallen monk, proceeded to strip him of all he possessed as lawful spoil. Then two of the muleteers accompanying the coach came up to rescue

the monk, and heedless of Sancho's explanations about battles and trophies, knocked him down, trampled on him, and left him in a disabled condition.

While all this was taking place, Don Quixote was addressing the lady in the coach, who, already much puzzled and alarmed by all that had happened, was still more so by his speech.

He informed her that those who had sought to take her captive were overthrown by his arm, and as she was quite unconscious of ever having been taken captive, this statement did not enlighten her. But when he proceeded to tell her that as his reward he demanded that she should go at once to Toboso and seek out the peerless beauty Dulcinea, to tell her of her knight's exploit, she became seriously annoyed.

One of her squires, overhearing what was taking place, and seeing that Don Quixote was doing his utmost to send the coach back in the direction from which it had come, now attacked the knight, demanding that he should let the lady proceed at once to

Seville ; and as Don Quixote would not consent, a fierce battle between him and the squire ensued.

Don Quixote drew his sword and rushed upon his antagonist ; and the squire, who had no time to dismount from his mule, seizing a cushion from the coach as his buckler, returned Don Quixote's attack with interest. In spite of the attempts of the bystanders to stop the fight, it grew more and more furious, until it appeared that one or other of the combatants must undoubtedly be slain. A mighty stroke from the squire fell on the shoulder of Don Quixote, and would certainly have cleft him through had it not been for his armour ; and in return Don Quixote, with an ejaculation to his Lady Dulcinea, rushed at his enemy with his sword.

Now, the spectators stood breathless as they saw the blades of each of the fighters brandished in mid-air with murderous intent, and it seemed to all present that one or other of the combatants must fall. The squire's blow fell first, but by some chance his lance

turned aside so that it only knocked Don Quixote's helmet to pieces and cut off a piece of his ear. In return Don Quixote, now beside himself with fury, struck at the squire with such force that the mule took fright, and after plunging about for two or three minutes, laid its rider, all bleeding, prostrate on the ground.

Don Quixote, still blind with rage, stood over his fallen foe and bade him yield on pain of having his head cut off. To this the



fallen squire made no answer, being, in fact, too stunned to do so; and it might have gone ill with him had not the lady in the coach here interposed, and, terrified at the turn affairs had taken, entreated Don Quixote to spare the man's life.

Don Quixote relented at this, but only on a condition that his enemy should at once repair to Toboso, so that Dulcinea might dispose of him according to her will.

The frightened lady consented to this without pausing even to inquire where Toboso was, or how to find Dulcinea; and

satisfied with this promise, Don Quixote left her to go on her way, while, calling to Sancho, who had now sufficiently recovered to join him, he himself proceeded to mount Rozinante.

Chapter V.

REPOSE.

NOW when Sancho had joined his master, it seemed to him that so great a combat as the one he had just seen must surely have won the island, of the conquest of which Don Quixote had spoken. So, falling on his knees and covering his hands with kisses, he now entreated his master to bestow on him the promised governorship. To this request Don Quixote replied that the battle which had just taken place was not an adventure of islands; but he assured Sancho that if he would but have patience he would fulfil his promise, and in time make him governor of an island—if not, indeed, of something even greater.

Sancho, satisfied with this answer, helped

his master to mount, and having himself taken his place on the back of Dapple, they rode off together into a wood which lay close by. When they had gone some little distance, discoursing on the island to be won and other matters, Don Quixote announced his intention of seeking some hospitable castle where they might find lodging for the night, and where he might get some balsam for his wounded ear, which now pained him considerably.

“I have some food here in my bag,” said Sancho, who began himself to long for some refreshment, “but it is only an onion, a piece of cheese, and a few crusts, which, I fear, are not a fit meal for a valiant knight and gentleman like yourself.”

“Sancho,” replied Don Quixote, “you prove to me once more how little understanding you have of knight-errantry and adventure. Now in all the histories of such that I have read, I find certainly no mention of the knights eating except at some sumptuous banquet; but since they must have had food, and since they spent their days in wandering through forests and deserts, it is

evident that their usual diet must have been roots and herbs, and not so palatable as that you now offer me.”

“ Pardon my ignorance, sir,” replied Sancho, “ for of a truth, as you know, I myself have read no such histories, being able neither to read nor write. I will bear in mind, however, all that you tell me, and henceforth furnish my wallet with such dried fruit as is suitable for you, being a knight ; but for myself, not being bound to this, I will supply it with poultry and other more substantial fare.”

Don Quixote hastened to assure his squire that he by no means inferred that knights were obliged to confine themselves to the fare described ; but since there was no other to be had, the two companions now proceeded to share the bread, cheese, and onions in all friendliness.

After this they started to find some resting-place for the night, and soon chanced on a group of huts inhabited by some goatherds. At a little distance a savoury smell led them to a spot where the goatherds were having

their evening meal; and on perceiving the two strangers, the men offered to share their lodging with them, and invited them to join their repast.

This they did not hesitate to do; and after Rozinante and Dapple had been placed in safety, they joined the group, who were seated on skins round a kettle in which a savoury stew was cooking. Don Quixote was invited to take a seat on an upturned trough; and having bade Sancho to be seated also, since the fortunes of war made them for the moment equal, they proceeded to have a merry meal, enlivened by some good wine, and by stories and jests from the goatherds.

After the meal was ended, they were joined by another goatherd, a handsome youth, who entertained them with songs to an accompaniment on a rebeck, an instrument resembling a violin. This performance was followed by a long story from another of the band, by which time both weary travellers were glad to seek repose, and they slept soundly until morning.

Chapter VI.

MISADVENTURE.

ON leaving their kind hosts, Don Quixote and his squire met with an adventure which had a less happy ending than the one of the day before. After riding through a wood for about two hours, they came out on an open meadow full of fresh grass, through which ran a clear stream; and as it was now noon and the heat oppressive, they decided to wait in this pleasant spot before pursuing their journey. The misfortunes which here befell them were, in the first instance, due to Rozinante, whom Sancho had not taken the trouble to fetter, knowing how quiet he was and how unlikely to stray.

It happened, nevertheless, by ill-fortune that some carriers came that way with a

drove of horses, which they were accustomed to lead there for grass and water, and Rozinante, at the sight of them, kicked up his heels, and without asking his master's leave, started off at a sharp trot to join them. The horses, however, gave him anything but a friendly reception; and to make matters worse, their owners, seeing the disturbance, and angry at finding an intruder on their animals' pasture, ran at the unfortunate Rozinante and beat him with their staves, until at length the poor beast lay helpless on the ground.



By this time Don Quixote and Sancho had come up breathless with haste to the rescue of Rozinante, and fired with just indignation, the former drew his sword and rushed at the carriers. Sancho followed his master's example, regardless of the fact that they were two only against a large number.

Don Quixote succeeded in dealing a heavy blow at one of them, but this only served to excite the wrath of the whole band, who in

return attacked them fiercely with their staves. The second blow dealt at Sancho brought him helpless to the ground, and soon the same fate overtook his master, who fell at the feet of Rozinante, and lay there unable to move. The carriers, now somewhat alarmed at the mischief they had done, loaded their beasts and left the scene of the encounter with all possible speed.

The two wounded combatants lay silent for a time by the side of the equally prostrate Rozinante; but after a time Sancho recovered himself sufficiently to murmur in a feeble, plaintive voice,—

“ Ah, Don Quixote, Don Quixote ! ”

To this Don Quixote, in an equally feeble voice, replied,—

“ What wouldst thou have, brother Sancho ? ”

“ In how many days, sir,” asked Sancho, “ do you think we may hope to recover the use of our feet ? ”

“ As to that,” said Don Quixote, “ I cannot say for certain.”

The knight then proceeded, in his usual

fashion, to account for the misfortunes which had befallen them, and to prove that neither his own valour nor the rules of knight-errantry were at fault.

“I perceive,” he said, “that I am myself entirely to blame for our present plight, since I should have known that it was beneath me to lay hands on any not dubbed knight like myself. My misfortune has therefore been sent as a just punishment for defiance of the laws of chivalry; and this gives me at the same time a warning for the future, and if low rabble again attack us, I will on no account draw my sword against them. You, Sancho, being of no rank, must deal with them, and I leave it to you, therefore, to chastise them to your heart’s content.”

This pleasing prospect, however, failed to attract Sancho, who hastily assured his master that he was of a most peaceable disposition, and would on no account draw his sword at all unless absolutely obliged to do so. He also declared that if any one had ever done him an injury, he at once and on the spot gave him his free forgiveness.

In vain Don Quixote attempted to point out how poor-spirited this was, and that when the island of which he had spoken should be actually discovered and conquered, Sancho would be but little fitted for the post of governor unless he showed a more ambitious and warlike character. At that moment Sancho was more interested in his present pains than in his future benefits, and he now changed the conversation by suggesting that Don Quixote should try if he were able to rise, and that they should then help the unfortunate Rozinante to his feet.

Don Quixote, with that spirit which in spite of all his follies never failed to rise to meet misfortune bravely, struggled up, and bade Sancho, who still lay groaning and complaining, do the same, and attend to the faithful Rozinante, who was probably, as he pointed out, the greatest sufferer of the three. With many sighs and groans and muttered exclamations, Sancho succeeded in raising his stiff and



bruised body into the position of a bent bow, and proceeded next to raise Rozinante. Dapple was then caught, and Don Quixote mounted on his back. Sancho, having tied Rozinante to the ass's tail, then led them both by the halter in the direction where he thought the highroad might lie.

This strange little procession had not gone far when lights were seen in what Sancho joyfully declared to be an inn, but which Don Quixote assured him was a castle; and they were still disputing hotly over this point when they arrived at the building in question.

The keeper of the inn heard the sound of their voices, and hoping to secure custom, went out to meet them; and on perceiving Don Quixote laid across the ass and his horse being led, he asked Sancho what ailed him. Sancho, wishing to avoid awkward questions about their recent encounter, replied that his master had fallen from a rock and bruised himself; and on hearing this the wife of the innkeeper, who was of a charitable disposition, called to her daughter

and her maid, and bade them help her to attend to his injuries.

With the assistance of the three women, Don Quixote was conveyed to a garret, formerly a hayloft, which, though a poor bed-chamber, was the best the people of the inn had to offer, and they proceeded to plaister his body; and perceiving that his bruises were all over him, the hostess remarked that they appeared rather to be the result of a drubbing than of a fall.

“No, indeed,” said Sancho; “the bruises are from the sharp points of the rock, every one of which has left its mark. And by the way,” he continued, “if there is any of that plaister left over and to spare, I am not sure but that my own sides would be glad of it.”

“What!” exclaimed the hostess, “have you too had a fall?”

“No, not a fall,” said Sancho, “only a fright; for, on seeing my dear master’s mishap, it affected my whole body as if I had received a thousand blows myself.”

This answer seemed to satisfy the curi-

osity of the woman; and the maid Mari-tornes having attended to Sancho's injuries, he and his master were left on their beds of hay for the night.

Towards morning, however, it occurred to Don Quixote that he should concoct a remedy of herbs, according to the usage of knights under similar conditions; and awaking Sancho, he bade him seek out the landlord and demand some wine, salt, oil, and rosemary, with which he could make a healing draught.

The obedient Sancho rose, with aching limbs, and did as his master requested; and Don Quixote, having mixed these ingredients, drank about a pint and a half of the mixture, which made him very sick and ill, after which he slept for some hours, and awoke feeling much refreshed and better. Whereupon he administered a dose to Sancho, who, seeing that his master seemed so well after his, took a large one in all good faith. But for some reason the mixture agreed with him even less than with Don Quixote; and he was so ill that it was neces-

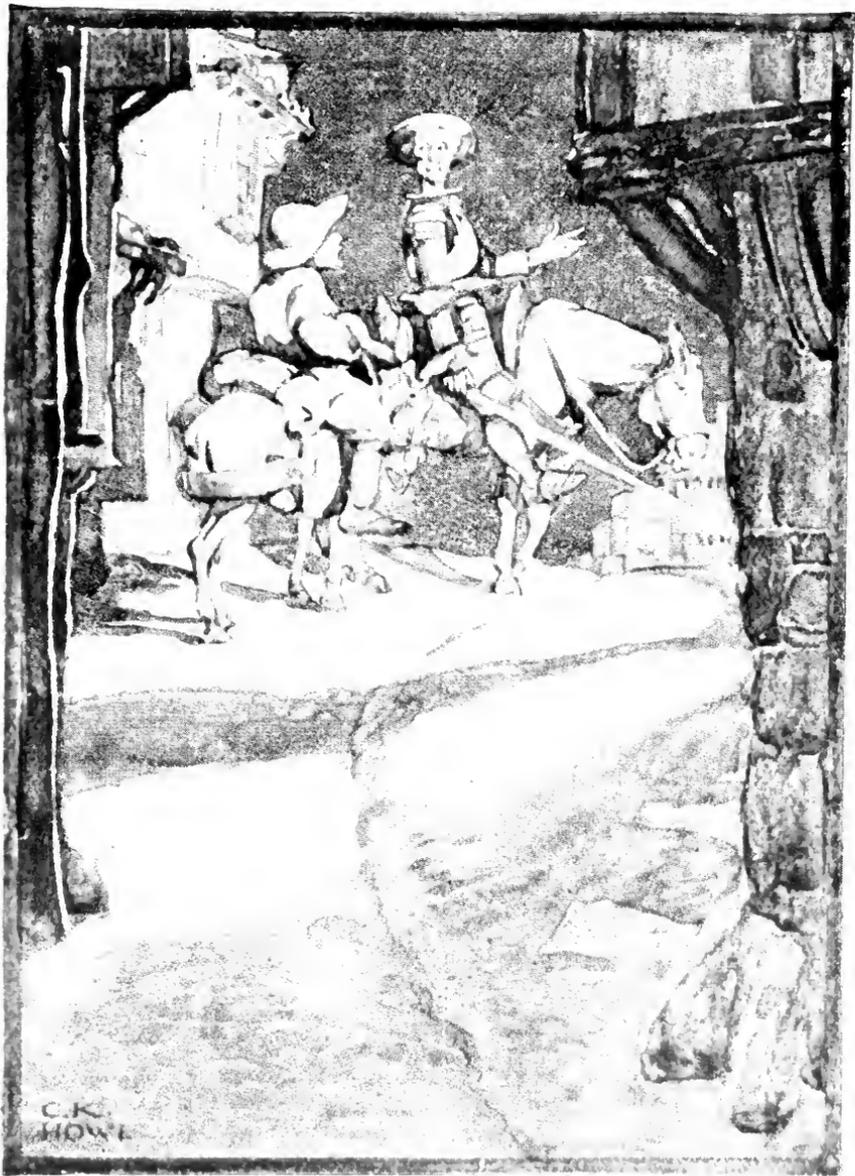
sary to postpone their departure from the inn for some hours, for which circumstance Don Quixote accounted by the fact that Sancho was not himself a knight, and therefore not a fit subject for knightly remedies.

His squire being thus disabled, Don Quixote saddled Rozinante and made ready Dapple with his own hands; and then perceiving a disused pike in a corner of the yard, he seized it by way of a lance, his own having been shattered, as we saw, in his encounter with the windmills.

By this time Sancho had sufficiently recovered to be able to mount, and all being ready for their departure, it remained but to take farewell of the innkeeper, or governor of the castle as Don Quixote still insisted on calling him. This the knight now did in the following speech:—

“ Many and great, Sir Governor, are the services I have received from you in this your castle, and I am bound to be grateful to you all the days of my life. If any proud





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Don Quixote and his squire.

miscreant hath at any time insulted you, let me but know; for my profession is no other than to revenge the injured and to chastise the perfidious, and I promise you by the order of knighthood to which I belong to procure you satisfaction and amends to your heart's desire."

To this the innkeeper replied that if injury were done to him, he knew how to take his own revenge, and that all he asked at the present time was the payment due for what had been supplied at the inn.

"What!" exclaimed Don Quixote, "is this in truth an inn? Hitherto I have been in error, for I took it to be a castle. All there is for you to do, then, is to excuse my payment, for knights-errant, I am sure by all I have read, never paid for their lodging or food at any inn."

"Nonsense," said the innkeeper angrily. "Pay me what is due, and let me have none of your talk of knights-errant, of which I know nothing. All I want is my money."

"You are a blockhead and a poor creature," said Don Quixote contemptuously;

then setting spurs to Rozinante, and brandishing his lance as he rode, he soon left the inn and the angry innkeeper behind him.

Sancho was less fortunate, for the master having gone, the innkeeper thought at least to get something out of the servant, and succeeded in seizing him. Some of the other travellers at the inn, eager for sport, now joined the innkeeper in laying forcible hands on the squire, and together they tossed him in a blanket. In vain poor Sancho yelled and screamed as they flung him up and down; the more he cried out the better pleased were his tormentors. At last they wrapped him up in his cloak and placed him on Dapple; and he finally succeeded in joining his master, who, attracted by his cries, had waited within sight. In the confusion of his hurried departure, however, he forgot his wallets, which the landlord kept, with their contents, as payment for his hospitality.



Chapter VII.

TWO ARMIES OF HEROES.

WHEN Sancho rejoined his master, he was still so overcome by the ill-treatment that he had received as to be in a faint and dispirited condition ; and Don Quixote, noticing this, told him that he was convinced that the castle they had just left was enchanted, and that those who had attacked him were sprites and goblins. He also declared that the same enchantment had held him powerless while Sancho was being tossed in the blanket, since, much as he wished to hurry to his succour, he found it impossible to move.

“ Could I have but reached you,” he concluded, “ I would have done so, and avenged you in such a way that they would never

have forgotten it, whether I, by so doing, broke the rules of knight-errantry or not."

"Knight or no knight, I would have avenged myself, had I been able," said Sancho ruefully. "But as to enchantments, those who misused me seemed to me as much men of flesh and blood as ourselves. I am therefore inclined to believe that if your worship could not alight nor come to my succour, some other reason must be found for it; all which things make me consider that these adventures are likely to bring us many misadventures, and we should do well to give up knight-errantry and return to our village."

To this proposal Don Quixote replied by telling Sancho once more how little he understood the matter, and that the day would come when he would see for himself how great and honourable a thing it was to win a mighty battle.

As they thus conversed, a thick cloud of dust appeared on the plain in front, and this continued to approach them. Don Quixote suddenly saw in this appearance a fulfilment

of his words, and pointing out the cloud to his companion, he told him that here was undoubtedly a prodigious army marching in their direction.

“If so,” said Sancho, straining his eyes, “there must be two, for on this side there rises just such another cloud of dust.”

Don Quixote turned, and seeing the truth of Sancho’s words as to the second cloud of dust, he began to rejoice very much; for there seemed little doubt now that when the armies met there would be a great battle, in which many glorious feats might be performed.

Now Sancho began to tremble, being an ignorant man as we have seen, and having none of the courage and valour which, in spite of his folly, marked Don Quixote as a brave and honourable gentleman.

“O sir!” he cried, as the clouds of dust grew nearer, “what must we do?”

“Do!” cried Don Quixote; “why, we must at once go to the help of the weaker side, of course.”

And now, carried away by the heat of his

imagination, he began actually to name the leaders and principal knights in each army, and to describe the different nations represented, until it seemed as if two of the mightiest armies ever seen were about to meet.

Sancho listened to this glowing discourse open-mouthed, and at last he stammered,—

“But, sir, not a single one of the knights and giants that you have named do I see at all.”

“How now !” said Don Quixote. “At least you must hear the neighing of steeds, the sound of trumpets, and the rattling of drums.”

“I hear nothing,” said Sancho, “but the bleating of many sheep and lambs.”

Now this was indeed the case, for the clouds of dust had been raised by two large flocks of sheep with their shepherds going in opposite directions ; but though they were now close upon him, so fired was Don Quixote’s imagination with all



that he had invented, that he failed to see what the armies of his description in reality were.

“Your fears, Sancho,” he said, “prevent you from hearing or seeing aright; but if you refuse to follow me to the battle, stand aside, and I will go on alone. Soon you will see how the valour of my single arm is enough to give victory to whichever side I favour.”

“Hold, sir! come back, I entreat! What madness is this! They are verily but sheep and lambs!” cried Sancho; but all in vain.

Don Quixote set spurs to Rozinante and charged into the midst of the sheep. At this the frightened animals fled helter-skelter in all directions, and the shepherds, seeing the cause of their disorder, pursued Don Quixote with a shower of such well-aimed stones that soon he fell wounded to the ground. The shepherds seeing this, and being uncertain whether they had killed him or not, took fright, and collecting their flocks in all haste, soon disappeared.

“How easily can my enemy the En-

chanter make things change their form or become invisible," said Don Quixote to Sancho, who now joined him. "If you were to follow those sheep but a little way, you would see them return to their original shape of knights and warriors such as I described to you. But now come near to me and tell me how many teeth I have lost, for I feel as if hardly one were left in my head."

Sancho, however, stood lost in thought, leaning dejectedly on his ass, while the faithful Rozinante stood patiently waiting by the side of his fallen master.

With some difficulty Don Quixote rose unaided and approached his squire, and seeing him thus melancholy he said,—

"Good Sancho, take comfort. There is no cause for *you* to afflict yourself with the mischances that befall *me*."

"Perhaps," said Sancho moodily, "it was not I but another who was tossed in a blanket or who lost the wallets."

"What!" said Don Quixote, in dismay, "are the wallets lost? Then we have nothing to eat."

“It would be so,” said Sancho, “did not these fields produce herbs such as you said often formed the food of knights.”

“It is true that I said so,” replied Don Quixote thoughtfully; “but, nevertheless, I would prefer a slice of bread and some salt fish just now to all the herbs of creation. Let us therefore, brother Sancho, go on our way in the hope of discovering refreshment.”

Chapter VIII.

THE GOLDEN HELMET OF MAMBRINO.

DON QUIXOTE and Sancho wandered on after this without meeting with adventure, or finding anything to appease their hunger, until night overtook them ; and now, just when they were growing quite faint for want of food, they saw moving lights in the darkness.

On perceiving that these belonged to a procession of people, Don Quixote charged into their midst and demanded their name and business. They were, in fact, a harmless body of priests and mourners on their way to a funeral ; but alarmed at Don Quixote's attack, and unable in the darkness to see whether he had a large following or not, they fled hastily. In the confusion a mule laden with

provisions was left behind, and Sancho lost no time in lightening its load, and having made a bag of his cloak, he crammed the eatables into it.

As the last of the procession passed them by, Sancho made a remark which was the origin of a name henceforth adopted by his master.

“If any would fain know the name of the champion who routed you,” he cried after them, “you can say it is the famous Don Quixote, the Knight of the Rueful Countenance.”

Don Quixote was much struck with this, and begged Sancho to explain why he had bestowed this name upon him. To which Sancho replied,—

“Indeed, sir, viewed by the torchlight, your countenance presents a most rueful expression; but whether from the loss of your teeth or the fatigue of your fight, I cannot determine.”

“It is owing to neither,” said Don Quixote thoughtfully; “knights of old were always known by some such name, and some

sage has put it in your head to give me one. Henceforth let me be known as the Knight of the Rueful Countenance.”

They now proceeded on their way until they came to a retired and spacious valley, which they chose for a resting-place; and seated on the soft grass, they enjoyed the ample provisions which Sancho had taken from the mule's back.

The next morning they started forth again, and had not gone far when they saw some one approaching who presented a curious appearance. He was mounted on an ass, and on his head was something which glittered in the bright sunlight as though it were made of gold.

Now Don Quixote had read in romances of a Moorish king named Mambrino, who possessed an enchanted golden helmet which rendered him invulnerable; and when he saw this strange figure approaching, he at once jumped to the conclusion that this was the famous helmet of which he had read.

“Look!” he cried to Sancho, “on yonder

steed there comes a knight wearing Mambrino's helmet of gold."

"I only see a man on a common gray ass, with something on his head that glitters brightly," said Sancho.

"But that is Mambrino's helmet," said Don Quixote. "Stand aside, that I may conclude this adventure single-handed, and the helmet which I have often longed to possess shall be mine."

With these words he couched his lance and advanced as fast as Rozinante could take him against the stranger, crying out as he did so,—

"Defend thyself, caitiff, or instantly surrender what is justly my due."

The stranger was considerably alarmed at this unexpected greeting; for he was, in fact, only a barber carrying a brass basin such as barbers were accustomed at that time to use, and which, to save his new hat, he had placed upon his head.

As Don Quixote came nearer, and the barber saw the lance pointed at



him and heard his furious words, he was so overcome by fear, that he slid off his ass and sped out of sight as fast as his feet would take him, leaving the basin behind him in his hurry. Of this Don Quixote immediately possessed himself; and though he was disappointed to find one half of the supposed helmet missing, he attributed that to some strange mischance or accident, and determined to wear it in its incomplete condition.

Having placed the brass basin on his head as a helmet, Don Quixote started off again in quest of adventure, beguiling the way as he went by telling Sancho many things about knight-errantry unknown to him before, and describing to him in glowing terms the wonderful adventures and glorious rewards which might still lie before them.

Chapter IX.

FREED SLAVES.

AFTER a while they perceived coming towards them, down the road, about a dozen men on foot, strung together by the necks in a great iron chain, and handcuffed. With them went four armed men, two on horseback and two on foot.

“Ah!” cried Sancho, “this is a chain of convicts being sent by the king to the galleys.”

“By that you mean that they are forced to go, I conclude,” said Don Quixote, “and do so against their will.”

“I mean,” said Sancho, “that these are persons who, for the crimes they have committed, are forced to serve the king at the galleys.”

“They, therefore, are forced against their will to serve the king,” said Don Quixote, taking no notice of what Sancho said about their crimes; “and I must therefore go to their succour, since it is part of my office as knight to relieve the wretched and oppressed.”

“But, sir, my master, good Don Quixote, wait, I beseech you,” cried Sancho, grasping his intention. “I tell you that if the king forces those people, it is but to punish them for their crimes.”

To this Don Quixote paid no heed, and as the galley slaves had now reached him, he begged leave of one of those in charge to ask them individually the cause of their misfortune.

The first one of whom he asked the question replied that he was being sent to the galleys for being in love.

“Dear me!” said Don Quixote, “that should not be a serious offence. If it is one worthy of punishment, I myself might well be sent to the galleys, as I am in love with a peerless beauty, the Lady Dulcinea of Toboso.”



“ Though I say it was for love, it was not love of the kind your honour means,” said the slave, with a twinkle in his eye. “ Mine was a strong affection for a basket of fine linen which did not belong to me, and for this they gave me a hundred lashes and sent me to the galleys.”

Others of the convicts explained that they were being punished for theft of various kinds—one that of cattle, and another that of money, and so on ; and lastly Don Quixote came to one who seemed to be treated differently from the rest.

He was a man of about thirty, and rather good-looking except for a bad squint, and he was in chains from his neck to his feet, fastened in such a way that he could not lift his hands to his mouth, nor bend his head to his hands.

Don Quixote asked why this man was placed in stronger irons than the rest, and was told by the guard that it was because he had committed more iniquities than all the rest put together. The officer added that the name of the convict was Gines de Passa-

monte, and that he was so bold and desperate a villain that special precautions to prevent his escape were thought necessary.

“But, gentlemen,” said Don Quixote turning his gaze on the guard, “these unfortunate men have done no wrong against you. How do you know that the judge who condemned them was not mistaken? I myself feel convinced that this was so, and I therefore beg of you to release them at once. I ask this of you in a calm and gentle manner; but if you refuse, this lance and sword and the vigour of my arm shall compel you to do what I request.”

“This is indeed fooling,” said one of the guards impatiently. “So you would have us let the king’s prisoners free, as if we had power to do so, or you to command it! Stick that basin straight on your noddle, and go on your way while we go on ours.”

“You are a cat, and a rat, and a rascal!” cried Don Quixote, who in his wrath could think of no other names bad enough, and at the same time he attacked him so suddenly that, taken unawares, the man fell wounded

to the ground. At this, the rest of the guards prepared to fall upon Don Quixote, who awaited their attack with much calmness, though he would have had little chance against so many.

Fortunately for him, the convicts took this opportunity to break the chain which linked them together, and in the confusion which followed, the guards had not much opportunity of harming Don Quixote. Meanwhile Sancho succeeded in freeing Gines de Passamonte, who, falling on the dismounted guard, managed to secure his sword and his gun, and aided by a shower of stones from the rest of the band, he soon cleared the field of all the warders.

Don Quixote then called the slaves around him and made them a speech. He reminded them of the benefit he had conferred upon them by thus freeing them, and in return he requested that they should immediately go to the town of Toboso and present themselves before the Lady Dulcinea, telling her that her Knight of the Rueful Countenance had sent them to her, and relating all that had passed.

“This done,” he concluded, “you may go wherever you will.”

To this Gines de Passamonte replied that it was quite impossible, for the greatest danger they could run would be to be seen together on the road, and that to start in company in broad daylight on the highway would be to put themselves back in chains.

This refusal of his request excited Don Quixote to a fury of wrath, on seeing which Gines gave a sign to the others, and they one and all began to pelt him with stones to such an extent that at last he fell off Rozinante. They then tore the brass basin from his head and beat him with it until its shape was lost, and stripped him of a jacket which he wore over his armour. From Sancho they also took a cloak, and then fled with their spoil, leaving a melancholy group behind—the ass quiet and pensive, every now and then shaking his head from a fresh imaginary shower of stones; Rozinante lying by his master, knocked down as he had been by the onslaught; and Don Quixote ex-

tremely out of humour at the treatment he and his squire had experienced.

Soon after this Don Quixote's second journey in quest of adventures came to an end, and still bearing marks of the battle on their persons, he and Sancho returned to their native village for a time.

Here he was received with joyful welcome by his niece and housekeeper, who tended him carefully, for the knight was weary as well as damaged by his rough life and many encounters ; and the two women kept a vigilant watch, lest he should again escape from them, and start forth in quest of new adventures.

Their fears on this account were fully justified, as will soon be seen.



Chapter X.

THE LADY DULCINEA.

AS soon as Don Quixote had somewhat recovered from his fatigue and injuries, he contrived to have an interview with Sancho. In the course of their talk that worthy informed him that a certain resident in the village, whose name was Samson Carrasco, had recently returned from his studies at the university, and that he had told Sancho how he had read of all Don Quixote's adventures recorded in printed books.

This filled Don Quixote with so much interest and surprise that Sancho set off in search of the student, and returned with him to his master. Much conversation ensued, in which Samson told Don Quixote that it

was quite true that he had read of his exploits, and much delighted him by referring to many of them in very flattering terms. So much, indeed, was Don Quixote pleased at the praise which Samson bestowed on him, and the high renown in which he found himself held by that gentleman, that he took him quite into his confidence, and it was with his support and encouragement that he now arranged to start forth again with Sancho in quest of fresh adventures.

Samson, moreover, undertook to supply Don Quixote with a proper helmet, which he obtained from a friend, and which, though covered with mould and rust, was at least whole. Don Quixote's niece and housekeeper made a great display of grief when they found him again preparing for departure; but their lamentations had no power to withhold him, and late one evening he started forth on Rozinante, followed by Sancho on Dapple, and accompanied for the first part of the way by his new friend Samson.

The immediate object of the present journey was the city of Toboso, where Don

Quixote vowed to present himself to his Lady Dulcinea before proceeding further, and thither they accordingly proceeded when they had parted with Samson.

Now when they reached Toboso it was night time, and the whole town was wrapt in sleep. Nevertheless, such was Don Quixote's impatience to draw near his lady that he bade Sancho lead him at once to her palace.

In reply to this order Sancho gazed stupidly at his master and said,—

“What palace does your worship mean? When last I saw her she was in a mean little house.”

“If that were so,” said Don Quixote, “you must have come across her in some small apartment of her palace, for surely a lady so exalted as Dulcinea could only inhabit some very noble building. And look—if my eyes deceive me not, yonder huge pile must be her castle.”

“Well, then, lead on,” said Sancho, “and let us prove if it be so.”

So, leading their stumbling animals as best

they could in the thick darkness, they drew close to the huge building, to find on inspection that, instead of being a castle, it was the principal church of the place.

Don Quixote, sorely discomfited at this failure, was now helpless as to what further course to take, and assented readily when Sancho proposed that he should retire to a wood outside the town and wait there until dawn, while Sancho himself scoured the place, hoping to bring him the tidings for which he yearned as to the dwelling-place of his lady.

So Don Quixote spent the rest of the night meditating in the wood, and Sancho set out alone. The rough fellow's understanding had been considerably sharpened since he first accepted his present post of squire, and before very long he thought of a scheme to outwit his master by playing on that very fancy which had converted so many commonplace things into romantic ones, and at the same time to satisfy his mind and save himself from being sent on fruitless journeys in search of Dulcinea.

He spent the night comfortably resting not far from where he had left Don Quixote, instead of searching Toboso as his master fondly imagined he was doing; and in the early hours of the morning he espied three country girls coming from the town each mounted on an ass. The cunning fellow immediately hastened to Don Quixote, on perceiving whom he cried,—

“Sir, you have but to mount Rozinante and hasten to the plain, and you will see the Lady Dulcinea herself, who, with a couple of her damsels, is coming to pay you a visit.”

Then, as Don Quixote hesitated for a moment, hardly able to believe such good tidings, Sancho gave further rein to his imagination.

“In truth ’tis herself,” he cried, “and never did these eyes behold so gorgeous a spectacle. The princess our mistress, Dulcinea herself, and even her damsels are one blaze of flaming gold, decked with diamonds, rubies, pearls, and other precious stones; their hair is loose upon their shoulders like so many sunbeams blown upon by the wind;

and, what is more, they are mounted on three pied belfreys."

"Palfreys thou meanest, Sancho," corrected Don Quixote.

"Well, no matter; there is surely not much difference between belfrey and palfrey," said Sancho. "But hasten, I entreat, or you will be too late to meet the lady."

They now left the wood, and soon saw the three country girls close upon them.

"I only see three country girls on three asses," said Don Quixote, with a puzzled air, as Sancho pointed them out.

"Now by my life," said Sancho, "you would not have me believe that you do not see the Lady Dulcinea in all her splendour, mounted on a snow-white bel—I mean palfrey."

So gazing, he advanced to one of the country girls, and laying hold of her ass by its halter, he went down on his knees and began an extravagant speech to her, in which he called her the peerless beauty, Lady Dulcinea, and introduced himself and



Don Quixote, the Knight of the Rueful Countenance.

Don Quixote had now joined him and fallen on his knees, though he still regarded the country girl and her ass with a very puzzled expression. But when the girl replied to Sancho with a rough accent, and bade him and Don Quixote move out of their way and let them go on, the knight had no longer any doubts as to what had actually happened, and turning to Sancho he explained that the evil fortune which had persecuted him with so many enchantments had added one more, and by casting a spell over his senses caused him to see only a common rustic instead of the lady of his heart.

The girl herself burst into mocking laughter and told Don Quixote to stop his "idle gibberish," for such his speech seemed to her, and the next minute she pricked up her ass with a sharp-pointed stick to make him go on, away from the two men. But the beast, unaccustomed to such usage, began to plunge and kick to such an extent that down

came the supposed Lady Dulcinea to the ground.

Don Quixote hastened forward, proud of the opportunity to render her assistance, but he was not in time; for with a little run and a jump, she succeeded unaided in regaining her seat on the ass's back, and the next minute she and her companions were off at full speed across the plain.

Thus ended Don Quixote's encounter with the Lady Dulcinea of Toboso, and he and Sancho now proceeded in the direction of Saragossa, the knight filled with melancholy at the evil fate which had prevented him from really beholding his lady, even when in her presence, and Sancho hardly able to control his mirth at the success of his deception.

Chapter XI.

STROLLING PLAYERS.

BEFORE the knight and his squire had gone far in the direction of Saragossa, they came across a cart which was filled with the strangest looking company imaginable. The first figure that caught Don Quixote's eye was that of a skeleton with a human face, and next to this he saw an angel with large painted wings; on the other side again was an emperor wearing a golden crown, and at his feet a Cupid with bow and arrows. There were also a knight wearing a large hat with plumes of divers colours, and several other people strangely attired.

Such an unusual company could not fail to waylay Don Quixote and raise hopes of adventure, and passing by the cart he com-

manded the driver to tell him on the instant who they were.

To this the driver, who was himself disguised as an angel of darkness, explained that they were but a company of strolling players on their way to perform at a village near by; and Don Quixote, disappointed of his perilous adventure, bade them go on their way in peace, adding that as he had always been a great admirer of play-acting, he should be glad if any possibility of his rendering them service should arise.

At this moment one of the players, who was dressed as a jester, came close up to Rozinante and flourished under his nose three bladders tied to a stick, which so scared the poor beast that he started off at such a pace that his master lost all control over him. Sancho, seeing his danger, leapt on Dapple and hurried after him, to arrive just as Rozinante, exhausted with his efforts, sank to the ground—the usual result of any extra exertion on his part. Sancho alighted



to help his fallen master ; but ere he reached him, the actor jumped on Dapple and thumped him with the bladders, which so frightened the ass that he too took to his heels and went flying over the field. At this sight Sancho was sorely torn in two between his love for his ass and his duty to his master ; but his affection and loyalty to Don Quixote prevailed, and he approached him instead of hurrying after Dapple.

“ Sir,” he said to him, as he helped him to remount Rozinante, “ the devil has run away with my ass.”

“ What devil ? ” asked Don Quixote.

“ He with the bladders,” replied Sancho.

“ I will recover him though he should hide himself in the deepest of his dungeons,” said Don Quixote valiantly ; but at the same moment they saw that it was not necessary for the words to take effect, for the same fate overtook Dapple and his rider as Rozinante and his, and the fallen angel being thrown, the mischievous imp left the ass and proceeded merrily on foot. But Don Quixote was not satisfied with the recovery of Dapple ;

a desire for vengeance now took possession of him, and he hurried after the cart containing the players, and bade it halt while he showed them how to treat the cattle of knights-errant.

The players immediately stopped the cart, and out jumped the driver, the emperor, the skeleton, and the Cupid, and arming themselves with stones stood ready to meet Don Quixote in battle array.

An encounter likely to end ill for the intrepid knight would now surely have taken place, had it not been for the timely advice of Sancho, who, filled with alarm for his master's safety, entreated him to desist, pointing out the danger of blows from stones, and the folly of one man alone attacking an army.

These arguments were in themselves powerless to prevail, but when the wily Sancho pointed out that in spite of their impressive appearance there was not a single real knight in the company, and therefore none worthy for



Don Quixote to meet in battle, the knight admitted that there was force in what he said.

He had the best of the discussion, however, for the same argument could not apply in the case of Sancho, who was himself un-knighted, and he suggested that he should be the one to avenge the theft of his ass. But Sancho was always of a most charitable frame of mind when his own courage was called into request, and he now assured his master that since Christians should never avenge injuries, he was willing to exercise a forgiving spirit and not pursue the matter further.

“Let us, then, leave these phantoms,” said Don Quixote, “in search of better and more profitable adventure,” and wheeling Rozinante round, he turned in the opposite direction. Sancho gladly followed him on Dapple, and the players returned to their cart and pursued their way in peace.

Chapter XII.

THE KNIGHT OF THE WOOD.

THE two travellers spent that night in a wood, where Don Quixote slept beneath a branching oak, and Sancho at the foot of a cork tree.

Don Quixote had not, however, slept for long when he was startled by a sound near to him, and on looking cautiously in the direction whence it came, he perceived two men on horseback, one of whom dismounted, and addressing the other said,—

“Alight, friend, and unbridle the horses, for this place will afford them pasture and give me the quiet resting-place I desire.”

As he spoke he flung himself on the ground with a clang of armour, and Don Quixote, recognizing from the sound that

here was another knight-errant, hastened to wake Sancho and impart the news. As they conversed, there fell on their ears the sound of an instrument being tuned, and the next moment the new arrival began to sing a love ditty in a plaintive voice to his own accompaniment. At the end he gave a deep sigh and exclaimed,—

“O divine Casildea de Vandalia! how long wilt thou suffer thy captive knight to consume and pine away? Is it not enough that I have caused thee to be acknowledged the most consummate beauty in the world by all the knights of La Mancha?”

“Not so,” said Don Quixote, in an indignant whisper to Sancho. “Am I not of La Mancha, and shall I allow precedence over my Lady Dulcinea?”

The stranger knight, hearing voices near him, now called out,—

“Who goes there? What are ye? Are ye of the happy or afflicted?”

“Of the afflicted,” promptly replied Don Quixote.

“Come to me, then,” said the knight,

“and you will find sorrow and misery itself.”

At this Don Quixote came forward and took the knight's hand in amity, and much pleasant conversation ensued, until the Knight of the Wood (as we will now call him) made the astounding statement that he had vanquished the renowned knight Don Quixote de la Mancha, and made him confess that Casildea was more beautiful than Dulcinea.

This was, of course, more than Don Quixote could allow to pass, and having first disputed the statement, he proceeded to explain to the other that it must have been a counterfeit knight who was overthrown, since the real Don Quixote was there before him, and could answer for it he had never even engaged with him in combat.

The result of the dispute was that they agreed to fight as soon as daylight appeared. Meanwhile the two attendant squires had made friends and spent the night together not far from their masters, and when the sun began to rise and his first rays lighted on his companion, great was Sancho's sur-



prise to discover how strange an appearance he presented. For his nose was so enormous that it seemed to overshadow his whole face, and was more like a hawk's beak than a man's nasal organ. Moreover, it was bright red in hue, and when to this was added the horror of a crooked shape, the whole filled Sancho with so much dread that he began to tremble from head to foot.

Don Quixote would also have beheld his antagonist's countenance by the light of day, but this he could not do as his beaver was down so as to conceal his face.

The time for their encounter having now come, the knights mounted their steeds; but Sancho, scared by the sight of the squire's long nose, rushed behind Rozinante and implored Don Quixote to help him to climb into the cork tree, since he dared not be left alone with the monster while his master fought. Don Quixote, who had by this time also seen the extraordinary nose, admitted that the sight was enough to inspire fear

in any one of less stout a courage than himself, and helped Sancho into the tree.

Meanwhile the Knight of the Wood had turned about his horse, which was not a whit more active than Rozinante, and was advancing towards his enemy; but seeing him engaged with Sancho, he came to a standstill. At the same moment Don Quixote, thinking that his enemy was coming full speed against him, set spurs to Rozinante, and for once that animal started off almost at a gallop. The other horse stood his ground, and, in spite of all his rider did to try to urge him on, refused to move an inch. In consequence, Don Quixote came full tilt against him with his lance and brought him to the ground.

Sancho, on seeing what had happened, came down with all speed from the tree, while his master, who had alighted from Rozinante, hurried up to the vanquished knight and unlaced his helmet to see if he were alive or dead, and to give him air,



when he saw— But who shall relate what he saw, so amazing and wonderful was it? He saw, as a matter of fact, incredible though it may seem, in the face of the knight the very features, aspect, and physiognomy of Samson Carrasco of La Mancha!

At the same moment the knight's squire, seeing Don Quixote standing over his master with his sword at his throat, rushed to him in terror, crying,—

“Have a care, Signor Quixote, what you do, for it is indeed Samson Carrasco, your friend and neighbour, and I am his squire.”

“The nose!” cried Sancho, “where is the nose?”

For on turning to the speaker he saw that he no longer bore that monstrous appendage which had filled him with terror.

“Here it is,” said the other, taking a pasteboard nose from his pocket; and Sancho, now looking at him again, exclaimed,—

“Upon my soul, is not this Tom Cecial, my neighbour?”

“No other,” was the reply. “Tom Cecial I am indeed.”

The fallen knight, Samson Carrasco, now began to recover consciousness, whereupon Don Quixote, holding his sword to his throat, told him he were a dead man unless he at once declared that the Lady Dulcinea del Toboso was the most beautiful woman in the whole world, and far excelled the Lady Casildea de Vandalia.

“I confess,” said Samson, “that even the Lady Dulcinea’s torn and dirty shoe is preferable to the clean locks of Casildea.”

Don Quixote next insisted that he should declare that the knight whom he had previously vanquished was only a counterfeit of Don Quixote himself, and to this too Samson willingly assented, as he would have done to anything his enemy proposed. For the trick he had thought to play on Don Quixote had now turned sorely to his own disadvantage, and he was longing to find an apothecary to administer remedies for the bruises with which he ached.

Don Quixote was now, however, satisfied, and suffered the knight to rise and depart with his squire, though still holding to the

belief that he had been deceived in thinking that he was really Samson Carrasco, and that his assuming the appearance of that gentleman was but one more evidence of enchantment.

Chapter XIII.

THE KNIGHT OF THE LION.

DON QUIXOTE proceeded on his journey filled with pleasure and satisfaction at the thought of his recent victory, and a further piece of good fortune soon befell him. For as he rode on his way he was overtaken by a gentleman mounted on a fine mare, and dressed in a green cloth riding-coat faced with murrey-coloured velvet, who was carrying a Moorish scimitar hanging from his belt, which was of green and gold.

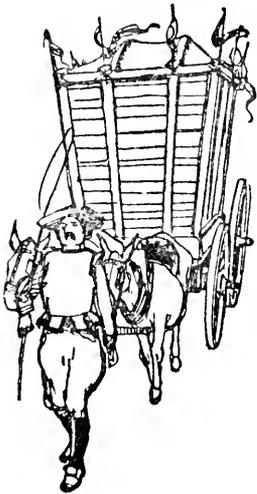
He saluted Don Quixote courteously, and they rode on together, as they seemed bound in the same direction, with the result that the stranger, whose name proved to be Don Diego, became so much struck with Don Quixote's conversation and the history of his

knight-errantry that he invited him to spend a few days with him at his country house. But before this visit took place, an adventure befell Don Quixote which was one of the most thrilling he ever encountered, and in which he displayed a courage and heedlessness of personal danger which were in truth little short of amazing.

As they rode on there appeared in the distance what seemed to be a wagon set around with little flags, and at the sight of this Don Quixote prepared himself for battle, making sure that it must be the sign of approaching adventure. When he drew

nearer, it proved indeed to be a wagon or car ornamented with the colours of the King of Spain, and Don Quixote planted himself before it and demanded of the wagoner where he was going, on whose business, and what he had in the car.

“The wagon is my own,” replied the man, “and it contains two brave lions which the General of Oran is sending as a present to the king.”



“Are the lions large?” asked Don Quixote.

“Very,” was the reply. “Bigger ones never came from Africa. They are also very fierce, for they have eaten nothing today. Therefore, good sir, I pray you get out of the way, for we must hasten to the place where we are to feed them.”

This ought to have satisfied any one, but not so Don Quixote. Undismayed by what he heard as to the lions' size and fierceness, he now declared that he would show himself equal to any lions, and ordered their keeper to open the door of their cage. In vain did Sancho and Don Diego expostulate and seek to deter him from so mad an undertaking. They were powerless to do so, and their very arguments as to the danger served but to incite Don Quixote the more.

“Sirrah!” he cried to the keeper, “open the cage door, or I will certainly pin thee to the wagon with my lance.”

The unfortunate wagoner, seeing no way of escape from Don Quixote's orders, now asked permission to remove out of danger

the mules which drew the wagon. This was at once accorded.

Don Diego and Sancho, having made one more fruitless attempt to dissuade Don Quixote, now retired to a place of safety near by, and Don Quixote, having dismounted from Rozinante, advanced sword in hand to the door of the cage.

The keeper, trembling with apprehension, unfastened the door; for though he did not think the beasts within would touch him whom they knew and by whom they were fed, he felt no such confidence in their conduct to a stranger. As he slowly opened the door of the first cage, a great lion of fierce aspect slowly rose, stretched himself, gave an enormous yawn, licked the dust off his face, and stared out of the door with eyes like burning coals.

Such a sight was enough to strike even a brave heart with fear, but Don Quixote stood ready sword in hand, waiting with eager anticipation for the lion's first spring. For a few minutes they stood thus—the lion staring out above Don Quixote's head with

his fiery eyes, and Don Quixote standing motionless with his drawn sword in his hand. Then without taking any notice of his adversary, the lion calmly turned his back on him and lay down in his cage.

Don Quixote now called to the keeper to rouse him with a pole, but this the keeper very wisely refused to do. He also had the wit to point out to Don Quixote that the honour of the encounter could rightly be claimed by him, since the lion had refused his challenge.

Don Quixote was so much struck with this argument that he ordered the cage doors to be closed again, and tying a handkerchief on the top of his lance, he waved it to his companions as a sign of his victory. Sancho and Don Diego came hurrying out from their hiding-place in response, and the keeper gave them a somewhat embellished account of all that had occurred, dwelling especially on the point that the lion had been so terrified that he durst not leave the cage.

Don Quixote, much pleased with the whole adventure, now ordered Sancho to

pay the wagoner for the time they had wasted, and as he bade him farewell he told him that if the king asked who had performed this valiant deed, he should say it was the Knight of the Lions, as he intended to style himself by this title in future.





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Don Quixote in the enchanted boat.

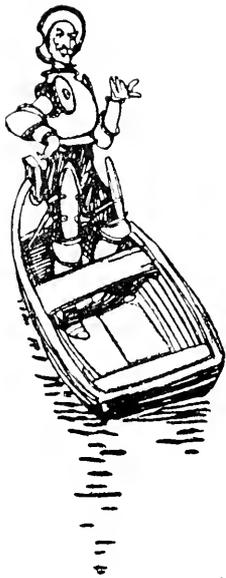
Chapter XIV.

THE ENCHANTED BOAT.

DON QUIXOTE spent four days very pleasantly at the country-seat of Don Diego, who introduced the knight to his wife and his son, and treated him with great consideration; while Sancho, for his part, greatly enjoyed the comfortable quarters and good cheer which were his portion. But the knight's spirit of enterprise would not allow him to rest longer in idleness, and at the end of this time he bade farewell to his kind entertainers, and started forth with Sancho in search of fresh adventures.

After travelling for some days the river Ebro was reached, and Don Quixote was filled with pleasure as he contemplated its verdant banks and the clear smoothly flowing

waters. And now, to add to his delight, he perceived on the surface of the river a small boat secured to a tree, and containing no oars or tackle of any kind; and as there was no one within sight, he immediately sprang into it, commanding Sancho to tether the two beasts securely to a tree on the bank and to follow him.



“You must know,” he explained, “that this boat lies here for the express purpose of bidding me embark and hasten to the succour of some person in distress; for such is the manner in which things are arranged in knight-errantry.”

Sancho felt compelled to obey, though it went sorely against his will to do so, and after fastening Rozinante and Dapple to a tree, he too entered the boat, whereupon Don Quixote at once cut the rope which bound it, and they began to glide down-stream.

On finding themselves actually afloat, Sancho's fears, combined with grief at leaving the two animals behind, could no longer

be restrained, and he began to weep bitterly, and to cry between his sobs,—

“ Dapple brays, bemoaning our departure, and the faithful Rozinante would fain get loose, to throw himself into the river after us. Alas ! would that we were safely back on shore.”

“ Peace ! ” cried Don Quixote ; “ of what art thou afraid ? ”

And as Sancho’s tears did not cease, he continued in tones of contempt,—

“ O cowardly creature ! O heart of butter ! Who pursues thee, who hurts thee, O soul of a house-rat ? Art thou trudging barefoot over mountain passes that you complain ? Nay, thou art seated on a bench like an archduke, gliding smoothly down this charming river, whence we shall shortly issue out into the boundless ocean.”

Meanwhile the boat continued to glide smoothly down the river borne by the gentle current, and now at a sudden turn they saw a large watermill before them. Don Quixote pointed this out to Sancho with triumphant excitement.

“Behold, my friend, behold!” he cried, “yonder is the very castle in which languishes some princess for whose relief I am brought hither.”

The boat, drawn by the current from the mill, now began to move faster, and the miller, seeing it come thus adrift, and knowing the danger it ran of being sucked into the mill-stream, came in haste to stop it, accompanied by his men with long poles. As their faces and clothing were partly covered with flour, they presented a rather strange appearance, and Don Quixote was sure that in them he saw some of the hobgoblins or evil beings who guarded the castle.

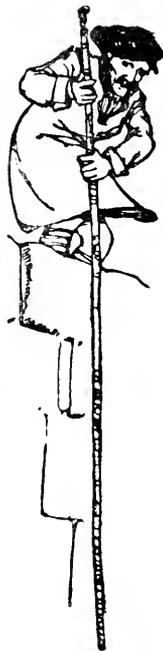
The millers, alarmed for the safety of the boat and its occupants, shouted and yelled to the knight; and in reply Don Quixote stood up, and waving his sword in the air, shouted back,—

“Ill-meaning scoundrels! I command you to set at liberty whoever it is that is imprisoned in the fortress. For know that I am Don Quixote de la Mancha, otherwise known as the Knight of the Lions.”

The miller and his men were too much engaged in trying to stop the boat in its perilous course to pay much attention to these wild words, and they now succeeded in seizing it with their poles; but in the act of stopping the boat they overturned it, and Don Quixote and Sancho were plunged into the river. It was fortunate that they knew how to swim; but even though this was the case, Don Quixote was twice dragged to the bottom by the weight of his armour, and but for the millers, who threw themselves into the water to his rescue, he would probably have been drowned.

While they were recovering their breath on the bank, the fisherman who owned the boat came up to claim damages, as it had been crushed to pieces by the mill-wheel; and as there seemed no other course, Don Quixote ordered Sancho to pay him fifty reals out of his small capital, and turning once more to the mill, before he left it, he cried,—

“ Friend, whosoever thou art enclosed in



that prison, pardon me that through my ill-fortune I cannot rescue you ; this adventure is evidently reserved for some other knight.”

Then slowly and sadly he and Sancho turned back to where they had left their beasts.

Chapter XV.

THE DUCHESS.

THE day following that of the adventure of the boat, as Don Quixote and Sancho quitted a wood they came upon an open meadow, at the far end of which was a little group of persons engaged in the pastime of hawking. Among them was a lady of fair aspect, clad in rich raiment of green, and seated on a milk-white palfrey, and on her left wrist she carried a hawk. Don Quixote, satisfied from these signs that she must be some one of high rank, said to Sancho,—

“Hasten, Sancho, to that fair lady, and tell her that I, the Knight of the Lions, salute her resplendent beauty; and if her highness give me leave, I will wait upon her to kiss her hands and to serve her to the utmost of my power.”

Sancho did as he was bidden, and kneeling before the lady, said,—

“Beauteous lady, yonder knight, called the Knight of the Lions, is my master, and I am his squire, called Sancho Panza when at home. This same Knight of the Lions desires that your grandeur would be pleased to give leave that he may serve your high-towering falconry and beauty.”

The lady smiled most amiably on receiving this message, and replied,—

“Is not this master of yours one named Don Quixote de la Mancha, of whose adventures and of whose lady, Dulcinea del Toboso, there is already an account in print?”

Sancho replied that it was so.

“Then rise, friend,” continued the lady, “and tell your master that I and the duke are at his service in a country-seat we have near here, and that nothing could have happened to give me greater pleasure than his arrival.”

Sancho hastened to his master with this friendly message, while the duchess ex-

plained to her husband the duke what had happened, with many sly and merry glances; for, being of a frolicsome nature, she hoped to have much amusement out of Don Quixote and his knight-errantry.

Don Quixote, however, ignorant, of course, of any intention than what appeared, now drew near to the lady, and prepared to salute her with great deference; and after exchange of courtesies, they all set out together to ride to the duke's castle.

Sancho, at the request of the duchess, kept close to her, for her sense of humour was greatly tickled by the uncouth utterance and rugged philosophy of the squire; and Sancho, encouraged by her condescension, became more eloquent than usual, and gave rein to a running discourse interspersed with various homely proverbs of which he possessed a stock, and which he introduced with more readiness than point.

Before they reached the castle, the duke rode on in front of them to bid the servants prepare a suitable reception for their guests; and in consequence, no sooner had they

entered the courtyard than two fair damsels appeared and threw a long mantle of fine scarlet cloth over Don Quixote's shoulders, while at this signal a crowd of men and women in the duke's employ appeared in the galleries above and shouted,—

“Welcome, the flower and cream of knight-errantry!”

At the same time bottles of scented water were sprinkled by them on to the persons of the knight, the duke, and the duchess.

All this was mightily pleasing to Don Quixote, since it proved to him that his vaunted knight-errantry was a real and recognized thing; and further proof of this now awaited him. He was led up a stately staircase hung with rich gold brocade, and then into a large hall, where six young damsels proceeded to divest him of his armour. When this was done, he drew the scarlet cloak over his shoulders, buckled on his sword and belt, placed a green velvet cap, which they handed to him, on his head, and thus accoutred was



led with much pomp to an apartment where a table was laid for four people.

The four places were occupied by Don Quixote, the duke and duchess, and the duke's chaplain, a very solemn ecclesiastic, who regarded Don Quixote with little favour. Sancho was present in attendance on his master ; but so much was the duchess taken with him, that she did not treat him like an inferior, and encouraged him to join freely in the conversation. This he did to such an extent that after a while Don Quixote became annoyed, and to divert his mind the duchess asked what news he had of Dulcinea, or how many giants and robbers he had sent her lately as trophies.

“ Alas ! madam,” he answered, “ you now touch on my sad misfortunes. I have vanquished giants, elves, and cut-throats, but where can I find Dulcinea ? Sad to say, she is enchanted, and now bears the form and features of one of the ugliest of country wenches imaginable.”

“ Have you too seen her enchanted ? ” asked the duke of Sancho.

“Seen her !” said Sancho ; “ I should think I have. To my mind she is one of the most spritely wenches I know. Why, I assure you, Sir Duke, that I saw her vault on to her ass’s back as nimbly as a cat.”

The chaplain had listened in silence so far to this strange discourse, but he now broke in angrily.

“ My lord,” he said to the duke, “ you will have a large account to pay some day for encouraging this folly ;” and turning to Don Quixote, he reprovèd him in no measured terms for his fantastic ideas, declaring that there were no such things existing in Spain as knight-errantry, or giants, or elves, or enchanted ladies, and that he who professed to believe in them was a fool and an addle-pate.

Up sprang Don Quixote at this, quivering with indignation, and addressed the chaplain in a speech of great length, in the course of which he pointed out that he was expressing opinions on a subject of which he knew little.

“I am a knight,” he said, “and a knight I will die. Some choose the high road of haughty ambition, others the low ways of base, servile flattery; a third sort take the crooked path of deceitful hypocrisy, and a few that of true religion. I, for my part, follow the narrow path of knight-errantry, and for this I despise riches and hold only honour dear. My intentions are all virtuous and to do no man harm, but good to all the world.”

The high aims expressed in this speech could not be gainsaid, and Sancho, pleased at the impression made by it, called out, “Well said, truly,” and thus attracted the attention of the chaplain, who now, turning on him, said,—

“I warrant you are none other than Sancho Panza, to whom it is said that your master promised an island to govern.”

“Ay, marry I am,” said Sancho; “and I deserve it as well as any one, for I am one of those of whom they say, ‘Keep with good men and thou shalt be one of them;’ ‘Lean against a good tree and it will shelter thee.’”

I have leaned and kept close to a good master for many a month ; and if we both live, he shall not lack kingdoms, nor I islands to govern.”

“Thou shalt not, Sancho,” cried the duke, “for I myself, on Don Quixote’s account, will place thee as governor over an island of my own.”

“Sancho,” cried Don Quixote, “dost hear what this most noble gentleman promises ? Down on your knees and kiss his feet for this favour.”

While Sancho grovelled on the ground at the feet of the duke, the chaplain, unable longer to control himself in the presence of such absurdity, rose, and leaving his unfinished repast, hastened in wrath from the room.

In spite of these interruptions, the meal was at length ended, and when the table was left, Don Quixote retired to take an afternoon sleep ; but Sancho, who would have done likewise, was requested by the duchess, if he were not too sleepy, to spend



the afternoon with her and her women ; for the truth was, that the amusement afforded to her by the unconscious wit of the honest squire was so great, that she wished to indulge in it as long as possible.

Chapter XVI.

SANCHO'S CONFESSIONS.

THE duchess made Sancho sit close beside her on a low stool; and though his good manners prompted him to stand in her presence, she would not hear of his doing so, but told him she wished him to sit in right of a governor, in reference to the appointment promised to him by the duke, but at the same time to talk as a squire. And first she asked him to satisfy her mind on one or two points which had puzzled her in reading the history of Don Quixote's earlier exploits, which, as before stated, had already found their way into print.

Sancho did not immediately reply to these inquiries. He first rose, and with very soft step and finger on his lips he crept round



Don Quixote dines with the duke.

the room lifting the tapestry hangings so as to make sure that there was no one hiding behind them. Having satisfied himself on this point, he returned to his seat and addressed the duchess in a low voice.

“Now that I am sure that there is no one in hiding to hear us,” he said, “I will answer your duchess-ship without fear. And, first, I must tell you a great secret, and that is that I look upon my master Don Quixote as downright mad, although at times his discourse is most wonderfully clear and well reasoned. Now being convinced, as I say, that he is mad, it is no difficult task to make him believe anything, such as the enchantment of the Lady Dulcinea, who is, in truth, no more enchanted than my own father.”

“Dear me,” said the duchess, “all this is mightily interesting. I entreat you, Sancho, to give me the full account of this supposed enchantment.”

Sancho proceeded to do so, and at the end of his story the duchess said,—

“Now it seems to me, my friend,



that if this Don Quixote be in truth a fool and a madman, since his squire is aware of this and yet follows him, he must be more mad and a greater fool than his master. Nor do I see how such an one is to govern an island, since he who knows not how to govern himself knows not how to govern others.”

“By my faith,” said Sancho, “what your highness says is every whit the truth, and if I had been wise I should have ceased long ago to follow my master. But I can do no otherwise. Follow him I must. We are both of the same village; I have eaten his bread; I love him, he treats me with kindness; and, above all, I am faithful to him, and nothing but death shall part us. If, therefore, your highness thinks it were not fitting that the governorship of the island be given to me, well and good. I was, in truth, born of humble degree, and the not having it may redound to the benefit of my conscience. In truth of which there are many proverbs, such as, ‘They make as good bread here as in France;’ and, ‘In the dark all cats are

gray ;' and, 'The Pope's body takes no more space than the sexton's ;' and, 'All is not gold that glitters.'"

It seemed that Sancho, once started on proverbs, might have gone on with a hundred, had not the duchess interrupted him.

"Honest Sancho," she said, "know well that the promise of a knight is always kept, and the duke my lord, though not of the errant order, is in truth a knight, and will therefore keep his word as to the promised island. Be of good cheer, my Sancho! When you least think of it, you shall find yourself seated in the chair of state. Only take heed how you govern your vassals, as they are all persons of good descent and well-tested loyalty."

After some further conversation the duchess bade Sancho seek his deferred rest. Whereupon the worthy fellow kissed her hand, and before leaving her, begged as a special favour that great care should be taken of Dapple.

"That you may safely leave to me," said the duchess, having first ascertained who and what Dapple was. "He shall have

every care here ; and when you go to your island, you may treat him as you please, and give him rest from further labours.”

Then having finally dismissed Sancho, off tripped the duchess to amuse the duke with an account of all that had taken place, and to devise with him further jests on knight-errantry that they could put in practice on Don Quixote and his squire.

Chapter XVII.

SANCHO IN JUDGMENT.

IN accordance with a plan agreed upon, the duke's steward was sent the following afternoon with a suitable equipage to convey Sancho to the island of which he had been promised the governorship, and for which purpose the duke had chosen a small town in his dominions, which possessed the one drawback that it was quite inland. Such a trifle as this, however, was not worth considering, nor likely to trouble Sancho's mind very greatly.

The time had now actually arrived for Sancho to depart ; and as he must be suitably clad for the post he was to occupy, a long sad-coloured gown and a cap to match were brought to him and placed over his usual



clothes; and thus attired, he was mounted sideways on a mule, while Dapple, clad in gaudy trappings of silk, was led behind.

Before mounting, he kissed the hands of the duke and duchess, and if some compunction seized them at the thought of the tricks they were practising on him, it did not appear in their smiling faces. Very different was the parting with Don Quixote, for tears of genuine emotion were in the knight's eyes as he bade his faithful squire an affectionate farewell. As for Sancho, he fairly sobbed with grief as his beloved master gave him his blessing.

Don Quixote, indeed, was no less deeply affected, and as soon as Sancho had actually left him, he missed him so sorely that, had it been in his power, he would at once have recalled him and cancelled his appointment.

Even the duchess's frivolous nature was touched by the signs of his disquiet, and she begged him to employ the services of any

squire or damsel he chose about the castle in place of his departed servant.

But with courteous dignity Don Quixote refused this offer, saying that all he asked was that he should be alone in his apartment and be his own servant, since he could no longer be waited upon by Sancho Panza.

Meanwhile Sancho was proceeding on the journey to the scene of his new honours, which he was given to understand was called the island of Barataria, and after he had gone some few leagues the town selected was reached. Here, in accordance with orders previously given by the duke, the chief magistrates came out to meet him with the keys, the bells rang, and the people gave every sign of joy. He was then solemnly conducted to the principal church, and from thence to the Court of Justice, where he was placed in the judgment seat.

Two cases were now brought before him to decide, and the first of these was a suit between a farmer and a tailor. The tailor's account of the business was that the farmer had brought him a piece of cloth, and asked

him if there were enough to make a cap. To this he replied that there was. The farmer, thinking he would probably cheat him, then asked if there were enough to make two caps. Again the tailor answered yes, and in the end he agreed that there was enough cloth to make five caps. Now when the farmer returned, the tailor had kept his part of the bargain, and the five caps were ready; but the farmer refused to keep his, and would not pay for the work.

“Is this true”? asked Sancho of the farmer.

“Yes, sir, if it please you,” he replied, “’tis true enough, but I would have you see the caps.”

Whereupon he pulled his hand from under his cloak, and disclosed five tiny caps fitted on the thumb and each finger, at which sight the whole court fell to laughing.

“The judgment of the court is,” said Sancho, “that the tailor shall lose the making of the caps, and the farmer the cloth, and the caps themselves shall be given to the

poor prisoners, and so let there be an end to the business.”

After these disputants two old men appeared before the judgment seat, one of whom said that he had lent the other ten gold crowns, and could not get repayment.

“But,” he wound up, “as I have no witness of the loan, nor has he of the payment which for his part he declares he has made, I beseech your lordship to put him to his oath; and if he will swear he has paid me, I will freely forgive him.”

“What say you to this?” asked Sancho of the other, who held a staff in his hand.

“Sir,” he answered, “I own he lent me the gold, and beg now that you will hold down your rod of justice that I may swear upon it how I have honestly and in truth repaid him.”

Thereupon Sancho held down his rod, and the old man, after handing his own staff to the plaintiff, made a cross over it, and swore that he had returned the loan into the other’s hands.

The other man now said that as he felt

sure the defendant would not forswear himself, he supposed he must have forgotten that he had been repaid. The man who had sworn then took his staff again from the plaintiff's hand, and both prepared to leave the court when Sancho stopped them.

"Honest man," he cried to the one with the staff, "let me look at that staff of yours for a moment."

"Certainly, your honour," he replied, handing it to him.

Sancho took the staff, and immediately handed it to the other man, saying,—

"There, take this in payment for your ten crowns."

"How so?" said the man, regarding the staff with puzzled eyes. "Do you judge this staff to be worth ten crowns?"

"That I do," said Sancho, "unless I am a blockhead; break it open and see."

This was immediately done, when, to every one's surprise, out fell the ten gold crowns from the hollow inside.



Every one was amazed at Sancho's wisdom, but he soon explained how he found out the trick. He had noticed, he said, how particular the owner of the staff had been to place it in the other's hands before he took the oath, in which he said he had placed the money in his hands; and when he saw him take the staff back again, the truth of the case occurred to him.

This concluded the matter, but the steward who was commissioned to make note of all that Sancho did for the future amusement of the duke and duchess, began to have grave doubts as to whether the honest fellow were such a fool as they thought him after all.

Chapter XVIII.

SANCHO'S BANQUET.

FROM the Court of Justice, Sancho was conducted to a room in a sumptuous palace, where he found the cloth spread and everything ready for a banquet. Music was heard as he entered, and four pages waited on him with bowls of water and damask towels for the washing of his hands. This over, Sancho seated himself at the table, which was only laid for one; and as he did so, a grave-looking person with a wand in his hand took up his position behind him.

A cloth which covered the dishes on the table was removed, displaying a great variety of meats and fruits, and a page at the same time placed a dish of the fruit before Sancho. Hardly had he tasted it, however, when the

man with the wand touched it, and it was instantly removed. A dish of meat which followed it was treated in the same manner; and Sancho, much annoyed at this, looked round for an explanation, which the person with the wand proceeded to give.

“I am a physician, my lord,” he said, “and I am paid to take charge of the governor’s health. Now my principal duty is to attend at his meals in order to prevent his eating anything that might injure his health. Therefore I ordered the fruit to be taken away because it is too cool and moist, and the meat because it is much too hot.”

“Well, then,” said Sancho, “the roast partridges over there can surely do me no harm.”

“Hold!” cried the physician. “Of those you shall not eat while I live to prevent it; for do not learned men agree that while all repletion is bad, that which comes from over-much partridge is the worst of all?”

“If that be so,” said Sancho, “I prithee,



Mr. Doctor, tell me which of the many good things before me I *may* eat, for, as I live, I am ready to die of hunger."

"In truth," replied the physician, "I see nothing here that I can recommend. Those rabbits, for instance, it were most unwise to taste, and yonder dish of veal you must not touch, as it is roasted. If it were neither roasted nor pickled, it might be a different matter. Therefore what I would advise at present, as a fit diet for the preservation of the governor's health, is a hundred small wafers and a few thin slices of preserved quince."

At this the exasperated Sancho flew into such a rage, and threatened the physician with such dreadful punishments if he did not allow him to eat something, that the man was quite terrified, and would have crept out of the room if the attention of all had not been diverted by the sound of a post-horn in the street below, and this was followed by the entrance of an express messenger from the duke, who handed a letter to Sancho.

As the governor was not able to read, he

was compelled to hand this important document to the steward, by whom it was passed on to one who announced himself as the secretary. Having looked at the letter this man declared that the matter was strictly private, whereupon Sancho ordered all but these two men and the carver to leave the room.

The secretary then read to him as follows:—

“I have received information, my Lord Don Sancho Panza, that some of our enemies intend to attack your island with great fury one of these nights; you ought therefore to be watchful and stand upon your guard. I have also intelligence from faithful spies that there are four men got into the town in disguise to murder you. Look about you; take heed how you admit strangers to speak to you, and eat nothing sent to you as a present. I will take care to send you assistance if you stand in need of it. And in everything I rely on your prudence.

“From our castle, the 16th of August.—Your friend,

THE DUKE.”

Every one seemed dismayed and surprised at these tidings, and Sancho, after a few minutes of silence, said,—

“The first thing to be done is to clap that fellow the physician into a dungeon, for if any one has a mind to kill me, it must be he with the slow death of starvation.”

“All the same,” said the carver, “I am of opinion that it were not well to eat any of the dishes before you now, for they were sent in by some of the convents.”

“Then let me have for the present a lunch of bread and some dried raisins,” said Sancho; “for if I go without food much longer I shall die of hunger, and in raisins there can’t surely lurk any poison. Meanwhile do you, Mr. Secretary, send my Lord Duke an answer, and tell him his orders shall be carefully obeyed.”

Chapter XIX.

THE RESIGNATION OF SANCHO.

IN spite of the alarming message from the duke, seven days passed without Sancho's government being disturbed by outside enemies, though during that time he was sorely troubled by the many cares and difficulties of his exalted position.

On the seventh night, however, events of a sufficiently alarming and exciting character took place.

Sancho had retired for the night, and was about to fall asleep, when he was startled by a great noise of bells accompanied by a tremendous outcry, which caused him to sit up in bed and listen intently. The noise seemed to draw nearer, and to become confused with that from a number of drums and trumpets,

making altogether such a terrific uproar that Sancho sprang out of bed and made for one of the corridors, hoping to escape. As he did so, he encountered a body of about twenty men running towards him with drawn swords and lighted torches, and crying as they did so,—

“Arm! my Lord Governor, arm! An army of enemies has arrived in the island, and we are put to confusion unless your valour and courage save us.”

“How can I arm?” cried the terrified Sancho in reply. “What do I know of arms or fighting?”

“Go to, my Lord Governor,” they replied. “Surely thou art not faint-hearted? See, we bring you here arms defensive and offensive. Arm yourself, we entreat, and lead us on, as a governor should, to the market place.”

With this they displayed two enormous shields which they bound closely to his body with cords, one behind and one before, and placing a lance in his hand, bade him lead them on to victory.



The unfortunate governor attempted to do so, but found the weight and position of the shields made it impossible for him to move, and after one or two vain efforts, he ended by falling full length on the ground, where he lay quite helpless like a tortoise in its shell.

While he was in this miserable position, the men put out the lights and made such a terrible noise and clatter with their swords that Sancho thought they were actually engaged with the enemy. Squeezed up between the two shields, unable to stir and in the midst of all this terrible confusion and warfare, the poor governor felt in a grievous plight. At last, to his intense relief, he heard a cry:—

“Victory! The enemy is put to flight. Rise up, Lord Governor, and divide the spoils!”

“Help me up,” cried Sancho; and when they had done so, he continued, “I will divide no spoils, but if I have one friend here, I beg he will give me a draught of wine to comfort me.”

This was done, and the shields removed ; but Sancho was so spent with fright and with the discomfort and injuries he had suffered, that he fell into a swoon, somewhat to the dismay of the actors in the scene, who began to fear that they had carried the jest too far.

Sancho, however, soon recovered, and the first thing he asked on coming to his senses was the time of day.

He was told it was close upon dawn.

To this he made no reply, but creeping very slowly, on account of his bruises, he made his way to the palace stables, where he came to his own true and faithful friend Dapple.

With tears in his eyes Sancho kissed the ass on his forehead.

“ Come hither, my faithful companion and friend, the fellow-sharer in all my travels and misfortunes,” he said. “ When thou and I consorted together, then happy were my days. But since I forsook thee and clambered up the towers of ambition and pride, a thousand woes and troubles have tormented my soul.”

With these words he fitted on Dapple's pack-saddle, and of all the company who had followed him and who stood by, none spoke a word.

The ass being now saddled, Sancho mounted him with difficulty, and addressing those present, he said,—

“Make way, gentlemen, and let me return to my former liberty. I would seek my old course of life, and leave this death which here buries me alive. I would rather solace myself under the shade of an oak in summer, and wrap myself in a sheepskin in winter, with liberty, than lay me down in fine holland sheets, and case my body in costly furs, with the slavery of governorship. Heaven be with you, good gentlefolks, and pray tell my Lord Duke from me that poor was I born, and poor I will remain. Without a penny I came to this governorship, and without a penny do I leave it. Clear the way then, I beseech you, and let me pass.”

“In truth,” said the one who had taken the part of physician, turning to the others,

“the great Sancho is in the right, and I am of opinion we ought to let him go.”

To this they all agreed, and only offered to attend him on his journey if he wished, and to supply him with any refreshment he might need by the way.

“I require no attendance, being but a simple peasant,” said Sancho in reply. “All I ask is a little bread and cheese for myself and some corn for my ass. And now farewell.”

Being supplied with these humble requisites, he embraced those he left with tears in his honest eyes, and started forth alone to rejoin Don Quixote at the duke’s castle.

Chapter XX.

SANCHO'S FALL.

NIGHT overtook Sancho before his journey was ended, and rather than go on in the dark he sought a convenient place where he might spend it by the way. With this object he left the main road, and here a most unfortunate accident befell him; for coming unawares in the dark to a deep hole among some ruined buildings, he and Dapple fell into it.

They fell for about three fathoms, and then Dapple alighted on solid ground, and Sancho, to his great relief, found himself still mounted on his back, and unhurt. He now dismounted and began to explore the



pit carefully with his hands, hoping it might be possible to escape, but the sides were so steep that there was no chance of any foothold being found there ; while, to add to his distress, poor Dapple, who had suffered a good deal by his fall, now began to give expression to his feelings with such doleful sounds that they quite pierced his master's heart.

There was no help for it, however, and both Sancho and Dapple had to spend the whole night in the pit. Nor did daylight bring them much consolation, for the light of the sun only served to show Sancho that to get out at all without help was utterly impossible.

He then set to work to shout and call with all his might ; but as there was not a single soul anywhere within hearing, this, of course, had no result. He next turned his attention to Dapple, and helped the poor beast, who could scarcely stand, on to his legs. The corn supplied for him the day before had already been eaten, but some of Sancho's bread was left in his wallet, and

with this he now fed him; and seeking to console him with one of the proverbs he so much loved, he told him as he ate to remember that "Bread is relief for all kinds of grief." On being reminded of this soothing fact, it would seem that Dapple took some comfort.

After this, Sancho began to grope about in the pit again, and at last, to his joy, he found a hole in one side of it just large enough for a man to creep through, and with some difficulty he got through on all fours, and found himself in a large space, through the roof of which a ray of the sun penetrated. Cheered by this discovery, he returned to Dapple and enlarged the opening with a stone until it was big enough for both to pass through; then taking the ass by the halter he led him along the cavern, hoping to find another outlet farther on by which they could emerge.

Now it happened that on this self-same morning Don Quixote started forth at a very early hour mounted on Rozinante, with the object of indulging in a little knightly exer-

cise. As he performed his manœuvres, now charging, now retreating, he chanced to find himself suddenly so near the brink of a hole that, had he not quickly drawn rein, he and Rozinante must have fallen in. The danger having been perceived and avoided, he now rode a little nearer to the opening to look down it, and as he did so he heard faint sounds of a voice which seemed to proceed from the earth. On listening more attentively he distinctly heard the words,—

“Ho! above there! Is there any Christian who hears me? any charitable gentleman that will take pity on me, a most unfortunate, disgoverned governor, buried here alive?”

“Surely,” said Don Quixote with much amazement, “that sounds like the voice of Sancho!”

“Who is below there? Who asks for help?” he shouted down the cave.

“Who should it be,” replied the same voice, “but the forlorn Sancho Panza, for his sins and evil-errantry made governor of the island of Barataria, and late the squire of Don Quixote de la Mancha!”



On this the knight's amazement was doubled, and so extraordinary did it seem to him that Sancho could really be there underground, that even now he thought there must be some mystery behind it.

"I adjure thee," he said again, "to tell me who thou art, and let me know what I can do for thee."

"Body of me!" answered the voice, "if by the tone of the voice it be not my master Don Quixote himself!"

"Don Quixote I am," replied the knight, even yet not satisfied as to Sancho's identity. "So inform me who thou indeed art, for thou fillest me with amazement."

"I vow by all that is sacred that I am verily, as I said, Sancho Panza," replied the voice; "and that, having yesterday left my governorship for reasons and causes that it will take time to relate, I fell after dark into this cavern, and Dapple with me, who stands beside me now."

At this point the ass, as though he had understood, began to bray lustily, and this evidence succeeded in finally convincing Don Quixote.

“By my faith, I know that bray,” he said. “And I know thy voice too, my dear Sancho. Stay a while, and I will go to the castle and ask the duke for assistance to get thee out of the pit.”

So off Don Quixote hastened, and soon returned with several men, ropes, and pulleys, by means of which the unfortunate Sancho and Dapple were hoisted out of the pit and once more saw the light of day.

Quite a crowd had collected by the time this was accomplished; and accompanied by a number of people, Sancho at last arrived at the castle, where he was eager to see the duke and to explain his unexpected return from the governorship.

Even this consideration, however, must give way to another, and before Sancho sought the ducal presence he insisted on seeing that Dapple was comfortably housed and given a good meal after his unfortunate experiences.

He then appeared before the duke and duchess, to whom he gave a simple and straightforward account of his governorship, and of all that had happened since he saw

them last. At the close the duke, genuinely touched by his honest recital, embraced Sancho, and told him that he regretted he had so soon left the post, but that he hoped to find him some other employment in his service of more profit and less trouble. The duchess, too, embraced him, and ordered that he should be well taken care of, and have his injuries attended to; for, indeed, he still seemed sorely bruised and shaken by all he had gone through.

Now that his squire had returned to him, Don Quixote began to think that he had led the life of ease and luxury at the duke's castle as long as was fitting for a knight-errant. Accordingly one day soon after Sancho's return, he informed the duke and duchess of his feelings, and asked their leave to depart.

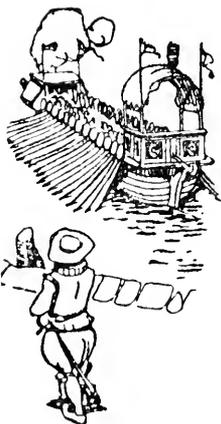
This they gave, though only with much reluctance, and on the following morning the knight, accompanied by Sancho on Dapple, and mounted himself on Rozinante, started forth as of old, making towards the town of Barcelona.



Chapter XXI.

THE KNIGHT UNHORSED.

WHEN the knight and his squire reached the town of Barcelona, and for the first time in their lives saw the sea, whose vast expanse now lay spread out before them, they reined in their animals and stood still for a time to enjoy the spectacle. That sparkling and ever moving mass was indeed a wondrous sight to eyes which had never before beheld any larger body of water than certain lakes in La Mancha; and to add to the interest of the scene, several galleys decked with flags lay at anchor in front of the town, and presently the vessels were put in motion, a numerous body of gaily-dressed cavaliers appeared on the



quay, and to the sound of trumpets, haut-boys, and other martial instruments a mimic battle took place.

While Don Quixote remained absorbed in the contemplation of this, a body of cavaliers perceived him and came galloping up, while one of them cried,—

“Welcome to our city, O mirror and polar star and beacon of knight-errantry!”

Then with his followers he began to curvet round Don Quixote, who turned to Sancho in much bewilderment.

The gentleman who had before spoken now again addressed the knight, and begged him to accompany him to his house, explaining that he had heard of him and his expected arrival; and after this further interchange of courtesies, Don Quixote accepted the invitation.

The name of his new host turned out to be Don Antonio Moreno, and as he was both rich and very good-humoured, Don Quixote was comfortably lodged and treated with many kindnesses; but at the same time Don Antonio did not scruple to make him

contribute to his own amusement, and made him the subject of various pranks and jests, which Don Quixote received with his usual credulity.

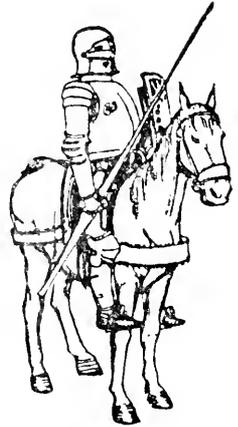
One of these was to take him out for the air mounted on a gorgeously draped mule, and with a notice pinned to his back, which, unknown to himself, proclaimed him to be the famous knight Don Quixote. The consequence was that he was followed by a crowd who shouted his name, all of which convinced the knight that his fame had spread through the town, and that he was recognized at once as the renowned Knight of the Lions.

Another trick played upon him was that of an enchanted head, which was a bronze bust placed on a small table, and from which answers to many questions asked it by a mixed company were given. This was in reality done by means of a tube connected with the bust, at the other end of which was placed one who was a party to the deception, and very skilful at carrying it out.

But now an adventure must be related which befell Don Quixote, to his shame and confusion, and which brought his knight-errantry to a close.

One morning, after he had been a few days in Barcelona, he was riding out to take the air, when he saw approach him another knight armed in similar fashion to himself, and with a bright full moon blazoned on his shield. On approaching nearer, this man called out,—

“Illustrious Don Quixote, I am the Knight of the White Moon, accounts of whose achievements have perchance reached your ears. Lo! I am come to enter into combat with you, and to compel you by the point of my sword to acknowledge my mistress, whoever she may be, as of greater beauty than the Lady Dulcinea del Toboso. The conditions of our fight shall be these: If victory be on my side, you shall be obliged immediately to forsake your arms and the quest of adventures and to retire to your own home, where



you shall engage to live quietly and peaceably for the space of one year, without laying hand on your sword. But if, on the other hand, you come off the conqueror, my life is at your mercy, my horse and my arms shall be your trophy, and the fame of all my former exploits be vested in you as conqueror. Consider what you have to do, and let your answer be quick, for my dispatch is limited to this one day.”

Don Quixote, who was much surprised both at the nature of this challenge and at the arrogant tone in which it was delivered, replied in a composed and solemn manner,—

“Knight of the White Moon, whose achievements have as yet been kept from my knowledge, perchance your eyes have never beheld the peerless Dulcinea ; but in any case, I tell you that in rating any other beauty as before hers you are mistaken, and to maintain this opinion I accept your challenge and all its conditions, except that as to your past exploits being credited to me, for as I know not what character they may bear, I

prefer to remain satisfied with the fame of my own. And now choose your ground and let our combat begin.”

While the preliminaries were being arranged between the two knights, tidings of the appearance of the Knight of the White Moon and of the approaching battle had been conveyed to the viceroy, who now hurried to the scene, expecting to find that this was some trick of Don Antonio's, of whose entertainment of Don Quixote he was aware. But Don Antonio, who with other gentlemen also repaired in all haste to the scene of the approaching conflict, assured him that he knew no more about it than he did himself, and was absolutely in ignorance as to the real identity of Don Quixote's foe, and also as to whether the battle were in jest or in earnest. And now Don Quixote was wheeling Rozinante ready for the onset, and the battle was about to begin. The issue was not long undecided. As Don Quixote advanced against the other knight, the latter also set spurs to his horse, which, being a very powerful animal, caused Don Quixote and

Rozinante to come to the ground in a terrible fall.

Then with the point of his sword to Don Quixote's face, the Knight of the White Moon said,—

“Knight, you are vanquished, and a dead man unless you immediately fulfil the conditions of our combat.”

To which Don Quixote, bruised and half stunned by his fall, made answer in a faint, hollow voice,—

“Dulcinea del Toboso is the most beautiful woman in the world. Pierce my body with thy sword, knight, and let my life expire with my honour.”

“Nay,” replied the conqueror, “I will resort not to these extreme measures. The fame of Dulcinea shall remain unblemished, and I am satisfied if the great Don Quixote return home for a year, as agreed upon before the combat.”

To this Don Quixote consented, and the Knight of the White Moon, leaving him to rise in safety, galloped off the field, whence he was followed by Don Antonio, who, at a

hint from the viceroy started to catch him up and find out if possible his real identity.

Don Antonio soon traced him to an inn and proceeded to question him.

The knight, who was quite willing to answer any inquiries, said in reply,—

“My name is Samson Carrasco, and I live in the same village as Don Quixote, and have undertaken to try to cure him of this madness of knight-errantry. About three months ago I had an encounter with him in a wood for this object, but unfortunately I had the worst of it that time, and he unhorsed me, so I accomplished nothing. But now I have made this second attempt, and, as you see, succeeded; for I know him to be so just and honourable a gentleman that he will undoubtedly keep his promise and return to his village for a year, which will be a matter of great rejoicing to his niece and all his friends. I entreat you, therefore, sir, to give no hint of my identity to the knight himself, lest I am, after all, foiled for a second time in my purpose.”

This promise Don Antonio gave, though

at the same time he was annoyed to find the sport at the expense of Don Quixote put to an end, and assured Samson that he was confident that it would take more than his scheme to cure him of his madness.

Samson, however, was satisfied with all he had accomplished; and with Don Antonio's promise not to reveal his secret, bade him farewell, and having divested himself of his armour, he mounted his horse and set off on his homeward journey.

Chapter XXII.

REST AT LAST.

FOR six days after this adventure did Don Quixote keep his bed, too much bruised to move, while to his bodily ailments was added great dejection of spirits at his overthrow.

As soon as he was fit to travel, he set out on his journey homewards, with his armour on Dapple's back. Sancho was consequently compelled to trudge along on foot, and the knight himself in ordinary dress rode on the back of Rozinante.

In this mournful fashion they journeyed for many days, and at last they reached their own village, where, in accordance with the conditions of the



defeat, Don Quixote was bound to spend a year in peace.

As they drew near to the village they saw Samson at a little distance, who immediately, on perceiving them, rushed to give them welcome with every expression of delight. The news of their arrival now spread through the village before they could reach it, and at the door of his own house Don Quixote found his niece and his housekeeper standing to receive him; and Sancho's wife and daughter soon joined them there, breathless with haste and full of eager questions.

Accompanied by the latter, and leading Dapple by the halter, Sancho repaired to his own cottage, where he regaled his family with long stories of his marvellous adventures. These tales delighted them even more when he showed them the gold crowns in his possession, which, as he was able to assure them, he had come by in all honesty.

Don Quixote, meanwhile, was relating to his own circle the unfortunate event of his overthrow which had brought him back home; and great was the worthy knight's

sorrow and humiliation at having to confess how he had been defeated, and his knight-errantry forcibly put to an end for a year.

But, as events turned out, it was not for a year only that Don Quixote's knight-errantry was ended.

Only a few days after his return he took to his bed, and from this he never rose again. Before his death he took farewell of all his friends, and bade them think of him no more as Don Quixote de la Mancha, but as plain Alonzo Quixano that they had known before he took up knight-errantry.

Then turning to Sancho, who wept bitterly at the thought of his master's approaching death, he said,—

“Pardon me, my friend, that I have brought on thee the suspicion of madness, by drawing thee into my own errors and persuading thee that there have been and still are knights-errant in the world.”

“Woe is me,” sobbed Sancho; “do not die, dear master, I entreat you. Maybe you take it a little to heart that you were



unhorsed and a bit scratched the other day; but who knows, the blame may have all been due to me for not girthing Rozinante tight enough."

But the knight would not be comforted.

"Nay," he said quietly, "I see that I was mad, but now I am in my right senses. I was once the knight Don Quixote de la Mancha, but I am now, as I said before, once more plain Alonza Quixano. And now, good friends, I would make my last will and testament, and confess my sins, for my time is short."

A day or two later he died, deeply mourned by all who had known him, for his kindly nature and gentle courtesy had won the love of every one; and to the simple name of Alonza Quixano, by which he had wished to be known and remembered, there was added by unanimous consent the title of *The Good*.

THE END.

